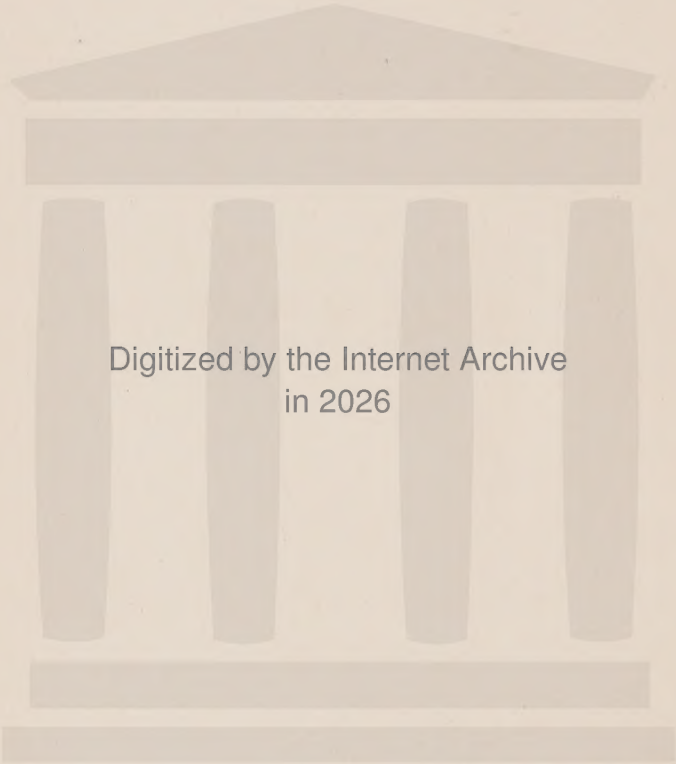
William Winter


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

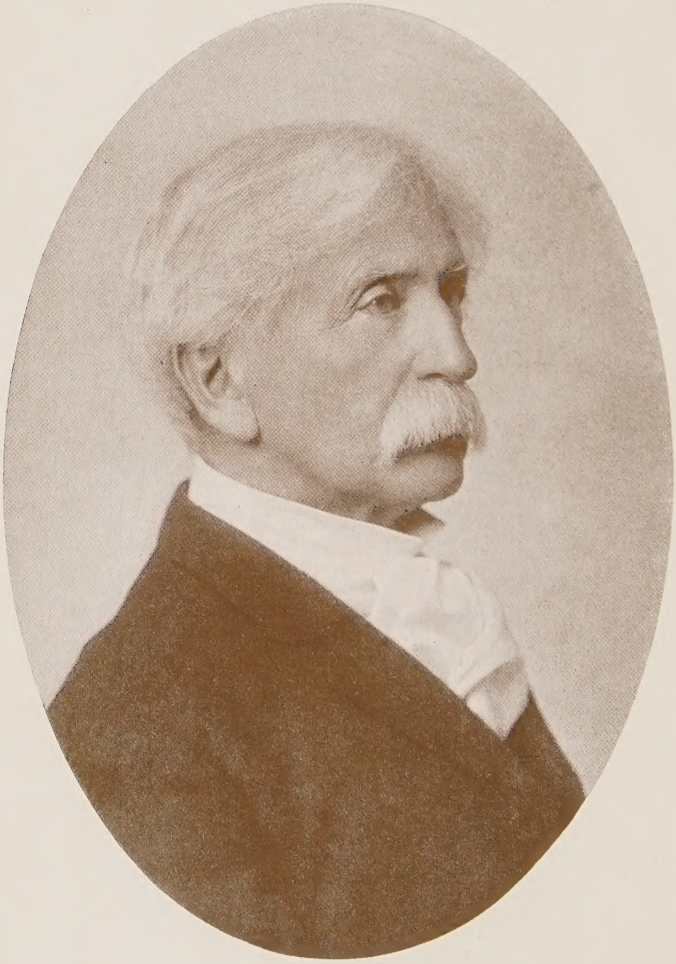
https://archive.org/details/poemsofwilliamwi0000will

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WINTER

WORKS OF WILLIAM WINTER

The Queen's Domain
Shakespeare's England
Gray Days and Gold
Old Shrines and Ivy
Brown Heath and Blue Bells
The Actor, and Other Orations
Shadows of the Stage: I
Shadows of the Stage: II
Shadows of the Stage: III
(*Others in Preparation*)
The Press and the Stage
Life and Art of Edwin Booth
Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson
Wanderers. (Poems)
Brief Chronicles. Being Lives of Actors
A Wreath of Laurel. Addresses
Henry Irving in America
Stage Life of Mary Anderson
A Daughter of Comedy
The Theatre and the Public, and Other Orations
John McCullough. A Memorial
Life of John Gilbert

Other Days
Old Friends
Poems. (Final Edition)
Life and Art of Richard Mansfield



WILLIAM WINTER

THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WINTER

AUTHOR'S EDITION

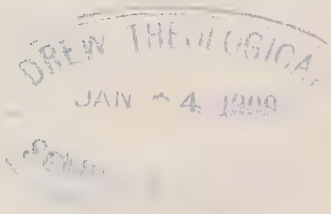
With a Portrait

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1909

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
WILLIAM WINTER

All Rights Reserved

Published, Sept., 1909



CONTENTS

	PAGE
BEAUTY	13
A FANCY	15
AN IDEAL	16
THE LOVER	18
SYMBOLS	19
QUESTIONS	20
THE QUEEN	21
INCENSE	22
WITH A HANDFUL OF ROSES	23
HOMAGE	24
VICTORIA	26
THE NIGHT WATCH	28
RELICS	29
UNWRITTEN POEMS	30
OMEN	31
CHANGED	32
NOW	33
CIRCE	34
DEAD LEAVES	35
THE WHITE ROSE	37
REFUGE	39
REQUIEM	40
THE UNDERTONE	41

PAGE

A LOST LOVE 42

PREDESTINED 43

THE WRECKER'S BELL 44

ACCOMPLICES 50

FULL-CIRCLE 51

ORGIA 52

EREBUS 55

LETHE 56

THE ORDEAL 60

THE WHITE FLAG 68

JUBEL 71

IDLENESS 72

GEORGE ARNOLD 73

ADA 75

BEYOND THE DARK 78

ASLEEP 80

HOMEWARD BOUND 81

BROUGHAM 86

A WELCOME 89

THE HARBINGER 93

COMRADES 97

POE 100

NATURE 101

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE 102

AFTER ALL 108

NO MORE 110

EDELWEISS 111

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE 112

PAGE

A PLEDGE 113

THE PASSING BELL 116

CONSTANCE 117

A PICTURE 119

HOLMES 120

A LOTOS FLOWER 123

UP OR DOWN 124

THE MERRY MONARCH 125

THE SIGNAL LIGHT 127

LOVE UNTOLD 129

AT ARLINGTON 130

AT ANCHOR 135

EDWIN BOOTH 136

FIDELE 139

REGRET 140

NEVER 140

ACROSS THE PALL 141

THE OUTCAST 144

A FAREWELL 146

THE CHURCHYARD 149

THE ANGEL OF DEATH 151

LAWRENCE BARRETT 153

THE VEILED MUSE 156

THE GOLDEN SILENCE 158

IN PEACE 159

LONGFELLOW 160

A REVERIE 163

EGERIA 168

PAGE

AMARANTH 170

GOOD-NIGHT 174

THE NIGHT WIND 176

EBB TIDE 177

AT STRATFORD 178

VIOLET 179

THE SEQUEL 182

NOT FORGOTTEN 184

ARTHUR 185

THE DIFFERENCE 187

RAYMOND 188

ANUBIS 189

SIR PERCIVAL 193

THE STATUE 195

MY PALACES 199

BLUE AND BLACK 201

LAUREL 202

WHAT'S IN A NAME 206

OLD DAYS AND LOVES 208

MY LITTLE CHILD 210

AFTER LONG YEARS 212

IN MEMORY OF WILKIE COLLINS 214

HEAVEN'S HOUR 216

THE VICTOR 217

FLORENCE 218

RUPERT 219

AN EMPTY HEART 224

REMEMBER 225

PAGE

IONA 226

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON 229

A BRIDAL RHYME 231

WITH A CASKET 232

LINES TO A GHOST 233

ELEGY FOR BROMLEY 234

ELSIE 237

MONODY FOR AUGUSTIN DALY 238

CORONAL FOR STEDMAN 242

THE CORNER STONE 244

THE SCEPTRE 246

A WISH 249

A GREETING 250

TRIBUTE TO IRVING, I 251

TRIBUTE TO IRVING, II 251

TRIBUTE TO IRVING, III 254

FAITH 256

CORONATION ODE 257

LOUIS 261

SUBMISSION 263

RESIGNATION 264

VIOLA 265

THE RHYME OF THE VETERAN 266

THIS BOOK 268

IN MEMORY OF CURTIS 269

THE VOICE OF THE BELL 271

W. L. S 271

THE YELLOW ROSE 272

PAGE

A SOUVENIR 274

IN ABSENCE 275

THE YOUNG HEART 275

THE OLD LOVE 276

MEMORY 277

PERDITA 280

ELEGY FOR MANSFIELD 284

AGE 286

THE BROKEN HARP 287

MISERIMUS 288

T. B. A. 289

ON THE VERGE 290

THE RUBICON 293

NOTES 297

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 309

TITLE INDEX 315

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WINTER

BEAUTY

I HAD a dream, one glorious, summer night,
In the rich bosom of imperial June.
Languid I lay upon a fragrant couch,
Golden with amber, festooned wildly o'er
With crimson roses; and the mourning stars
Wept tears of light upon their clustered leaves.
Above me soared the azure vault of heaven,
Vast and majestic; cinctured with that path
Whereby, perchance, the sea-born Venus found
Her way to higher spheres; that path which seems
A coronet of silver, flecked with gems,
And bound upon the forehead of the night.

There, as I lay, the musical south wind
Shook all the roses into murmurous life,
And poured their fragrance o'er me, in a shower
Of crimson mist; and softly, through the mist,
Came a low, sweet, enchanting melody,
A far-off echo from the land of dreams,
Which with delicious languor filled the air,
And steeped in bliss the senses and the soul.

Then rose a shape, a dim and ghostly shape,
Whereto no feature was, nor settled form,
A shadowy splendor, seeming as it came
A pearly summer cloud, shot through and through
With faintest rays of sunset; yet within
A spirit dwelt; and, floating from within,
A murmur trembled sweetly into words:—

'I am the ghost of a most lovely dream,
Which haunted, in old days, a poet's mind,
And long he sought for, wept, and prayed for me;
And searched through all the chambers of his soul,
And searched the secret places of the earth,
The lonely forest and the lonely shore,
And listened to the voices of the sea,
What time the pale stars shone, and midnight cold
Slept on the dark waves whispering at his feet;
And sought the mystery in a human form,
Amid the haunts of men, and found it not;
And looked in woman's fond, bewildering eyes,
And mirrored there his own, and saw no sign:
But only in his sleep I came to him,
And gave him fitful glimpses of my face,
Whereof he after vainly strove to sing,
Weaving his heart to slender threads of gold,—
The rich pulsations of ecstatic song,—
In wild desire to breathe the charm he knew,
Yet might not utter; and, so striving, passed
Unto the quiet of the dreaming woods
And the pathetic silence of the hills;
So died, and came to me. So, evermore,

Through lonely days and passion-haunted nights,
A life of starlight gloom, do poets seek
To rend the mystic veil that covers me,
And evermore they grasp the empty air.
For only in their dreams I come to them,
And give them fitful glimpses of my face,
And lull them, siren-like, with words of hope—
That promise, sometime, to their ravished eyes,
Beauty, the secret of the universe,
God's thought, that gives the soul eternal peace.'

Then the voice ceased, and only, through the mist,
The shaken roses murmured, and the wind.

A FANCY

A HEART of sunshine, and a face
Of rosy bloom; a form of grace;
Unconscious beauty, wild and free
And pure in natural liberty!
'Tis Fancy's dream; but such as she
Should ev'ry lover's mistress be.

AN IDEAL

Her young face is softly fair—
  Pearl of morning flushed with red—
And the golden, silken hair
  Makes a glory round her head.

Crimson lips, like rubies bright,
  Smiling, part o'er tiny pearls;
Little wandering stars of light
  Love to nestle in her curls.

And her voice is soft and low,
  Clear as music, and as sweet;
Hearing it, you hardly know
  Where the sound and silence meet.

All the magic who can tell
  Of her laughter and her sighs,
Or what heavenly meanings dwell
  In her kind, confiding eyes!

All her ways are winning ways,
  Full of tenderness and grace;
And a witching sweetness plays
  Fondly o'er her gentle face.

True and pure her soul within,—
  Breathing a celestial air!
Evil and the shame of sin
  Could not dwell a moment there.

Is it but a vision, this?
  Fond creation of the brain?
Phantom of a fancied bliss?
  Type of beauty void and vain?

No! the tides of being roll
  Toward a paradise to be,
Where this idol of my soul
  Waits and longs for love and me.

THE LOVER

The stroller in the pensive field
  Doth many a wildering flower descry;
Sometimes to him the roses yield,
  Sometimes the lilies feed his eye;
Sometimes he takes delight in one,
Sometimes in all, sometimes in none.

But when, in dusky woodland ways,
  He sees, beside some dreaming stone,
The fresh, untutored violet raise
  Her pleading eyes, for him alone,
Then makes his heart its instant choice,—
For Nature speaks, in Beauty's voice.

The lover, when his life is new,
  By many a wayward impulse led,
Sometimes is charmed by golden hue,
  Sometimes by brown and mantling red;
Sometimes proud dame and maiden small
Please just the same, or not at all.

But when, remote from pleasure's whirl,
  He sees, at home's sequestered shrine,

The ardent, happy, guileless girl,
  Of mortal mould, but soul divine,—
Too good, too beautiful, to know
How fair her worth and beauty show;

Then all his roving fancies pause,
  Entranced by that o'erwhelming grace;
It rules him by celestial laws,
  It lights a splendor in his face:
'Tis the best good that Fate can give—
And all for which 'tis life to live!

SYMBOLS

Not only to give light those urns
  Of golden fire adorn the skies;
Not for her vision only burns
  The glory of a woman's eyes;
But in those flames and that fine glance
Th' authentic flags of heaven advance.

In them we know our life divine,
  For which th' unnumbered planets roll!
Action and suffering are but sign:
  Within the shadow dwells the soul;
And till we rend this earthly thrall
We do not truly live at all.

QUESTIONS

Because love's token is a sigh,
  Doth it the less love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
  Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill autumn frights the birds,
  Shall we distrust that spring will come?
Because sweet words are only words,
  Shall love forevermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
  Must sometime cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
  Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
  And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
  And pleasure's merry world go round:
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love or let me die!

THE QUEEN

He loves not well whose love is bold!
I would not have thee come too nigh:
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky:
To take him thence and chain him near
Would make his glory disappear.

He keeps his state,—keep thou in thine,
And shine upon me from afar!
So shall I bask in light divine,
That falls from love's own guiding star;
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die;

But all my life shall reach its hands
Of lofty longing toward thy face,
And be as one who, speechless, stands
In rapture at some perfect grace!
My love, my hope, my all shall be
To look to heaven and look to thee!

Thy eyes shall be the heavenly lights,
Thy voice the gentle summer breeze,—
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
The murmuring tops of leafy trees;
And I shall touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shall not come down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch—at thy feet!

INCENSE

True heart! upon the current of whose love
My days, like roses in a summer brook,
Float by, in fragrance and in melody,
Take these, unworthy symbols of my soul,
Made precious by the heavenly faith of thine!
Take them: and, though a face of pain looks through
The marble veil of words, thy heart will know
That what was shadow once is sunshine now,
And life all peace, and beauty, and content,
Redeemed and hallowed by thy sacred grace.
Thrice happy he who,—favored child of fate!—
Finds his Egeria in a mortal guise,
And, hearing all the discords of the world
Blend into music, round his haunted way,
Knows hope fulfilled and bliss already won!

WITH A HANDFUL OF ROSES

Everything my heart would say,
  Valiant roses shall declare,
Since my lips, less bold than they,
  Dread her frown and do not dare.
They shall nestle on her breast,
  They shall whisper, soft and low,
'He loves truly, he loves best,
  Who's afraid to tell you so.'

Everything my heart would say,
  These brave roses know full well,
And they mean, in their sweet way,
  More than any words could tell!
They shall be her bosom's guest,
  They shall whisper, soft and low,
'He loves truly, he loves best,
  Who's afraid to tell you so.'

HOMAGE

White daisies on the meadow green
  Present thy beauteous form to me:
Peaceful and joyful those are seen,
  And peace and joy encompass thee.
I watch them, where they dance and shine,
And love them—for their charm is thine.

Red roses o'er the woodland brook
  Remember me thy lovely face:
So blushing and so fresh its look,
  So wild and shy its radiant grace!
I kiss them, in their coy retreat,
And think of lips more soft and sweet.

Gold arrows of the merry morn,
  Shot swiftly over orient seas;
Gold tassels of the bending corn
  That ripple in the August breeze,
Thy wildering smile, thy glorious hair,
And all thy power and state declare.

White, red, and gold—the awful crown
  Of majesty, and beauty, too!

From what a height those eyes look down
  On him who proudly dares to sue!
Yet, free from self as thou from sin
Is love that loves, nor asks to win.

Let me but love thee in the flower,
  The waving grass, the dancing wave,
The fragrant pomp of garden bower,
  The violet meek, the orchid brave,
Sweet dreams by night, sweet thoughts by day,—
And time shall tire ere love decay!

Let me but love thee in the glow,
  When morning on the ocean shines,
Or in the mighty winds that blow,
  Snow-laden, through the mountain pines,—
In all things fair, or grand, or dread,
And all shall die ere love be dead!

VICTORIA

Midnight and moonlight encircle her slumbers,
  Pillowed, afar, on the wandering deep:
Softly, ah softly, with tenderest numbers,
  Echoes of paradise, lull her to sleep!

Stars in your lustre, and clouds in your fleetness,
  Mix round the gallant ship, breasting the gale!
Shed your sweet influence over her sweetness!
  Guard every pinion and bless every sail!

Billows, roll gently, that bear on your bosom
  Treasure more precious than infinite gold—
Beauty in spring-time, and love in its blossom,
  All that my hungry heart longs to enfold.

Ocean, that breaks on the rocks where I languish,
  Blessing and prayer on your surges to pour,
Like in your might, to my passionate anguish,
  Shield her, and save her, and waft her to shore!

Angels, that float in the heavenly spaces,
  Ah, while you guide her through perils unknown,
Still let the light of your beautiful faces
  Shine on her face that is fair as your own!

Violets, welcome her! roses, adore her,—
  Blushing with rapture from mountain to sea!
Lilies, flash out on the meadows before her,
  Sparkle in glory, and ripple in glee!

Proudly she comes, like the pageant of morning
  Borne through the pearl-purpled gates of the day!
Darkness and sorrow, consumed in her scorning,
  Shrink from her splendor and vanish away.

Scattered o'er mountain and forest and river,
  Far the dark phantoms of trouble are hurled:
She will illuminate, she will deliver,
  She will redeem and transfigure the world!

THE NIGHT WATCH

Beneath the midnight moon of May,
  Through dusk on either hand,
One sheet of silver spreads the bay,
  One crescent jet the land;
The black ships mirrored in the stream
  Their ghostly tresses shake;—
When will the dead world cease to dream?
  When will the morning break?

Beneath a night no longer May,
  Where only cold stars shine,
One glimmering ocean, spreads away
  This haunted life of mine;
And, shattered on the frozen shore,
  My harp can never wake;—
When will this night of death be o'er?
  When will the morning break?

RELICS

The violets that you gave are dead—
  They could not bear the loss of you;
The spirit of the rose has fled—
  It loved you, and its love was true:
Back to your lips that spirit flies,
To bask beneath your radiant eyes.

Only the ashes bide with me,
  The ashes of the ruined flowers—
Types of a rapture not to be;
  Sad relics of bewildering hours;
Poor, frail, forlorn, and piteous shows
Of errant passion's wasted woes.

He grandly loves who loves in vain:
  These withered flowers that lesson teach.
They suffered, they did not complain,
  Their life was love too great for speech:
In silent pride their fate they bore;
They loved, they grieved, they died—no more!

Far off the purple banners flare,
  Beneath the golden morning spread:
I know what queen is worshipped there,
  What laurels wreathe her lovely head:
Her name be sacred, in my thought,
And sacred be the grief she brought!

For, since I saw that glorious face,
And heard the music of that voice,
Much beauty darkens in disgrace
That used to make my heart rejoice;
And rose and violet ne'er can be
The same that once they were to me.

UNWRITTEN POEMS

Fairy spirits of the breeze—
Frailer nothing is than these.
Fancies born we know not where—
In the heart or in the air:
Wandering echoes blown unsought
From far crystal peaks of thought:
Shadows, fading at the dawn,
Ghosts of feeling dead and gone:
Alas! Are all fair things that live
Still lovely and still fugitive?

OMEN

A RAVEN flew over the house-top,
In the gloaming that heralds the night:
Far off snarled the threat of the thunder,
And the raven he croaked in his flight.

A raven flew over the house-top,
And his shadow fell dark on my heart:
A voice, in its innermost chamber,
Said, 'The angel of love must depart:

Too long you are calm in the sunshine,
And too long are the roses in bloom:
Time now for the rush of the tempest,
For the chill, and the blight, and the gloom.' . . .

Deserted the house is, and silent;
Night is drifting o'er woodland and wave:
And love, that was life's consecration,
Is a spectre that broods on a grave.

CHANGED

It is not that she's far away
That breaks the heart and dims the day;
It is that there is something gone
Her passion used to dream upon;
That now the tender dream is o'er,
And him she loved she loves no more.

Her absence makes my spirit mourn—
Yet e'en her absence could be borne:
But,—bleakest of all human grief,
And desolate beyond relief,—
One thought consumes my bosom's core—
That him she loved she loves no more.

The violets should be bluer far,
The roses redder than they are,
And lighter o'er the rippling grass
The shadows of the clouds should pass.
There's nothing as it was before—
For him she loved she loves no more.

NOW

When you shall walk in pensive mood
  The happy paths we used to know,
And sad, regretful thoughts intrude,
  And hopeless dreams of long ago,
How will your wakened spirit bear
Its bitter pang, its bleak despair?

When in your heart, as now in mine,
  Shall throb the pulse of arid grief,—
Since nothing earthly or divine
  In that dark hour can bring relief,—
How will you mourn o'er wasted bliss,
And that wild moment long for this!

The echo of a silent word,
  An exhalation of the dew,
A lonely sigh at midnight heard
  In depth of some funereal yew,—
Those shall be more, in that black day,
Than your true lover past away.

Then do not scorn the present hour,
  Nor crush the roses while they bloom!
The best of time has only power
  To hang a garland on a tomb;
And all that lasts when years are sped
Is hopeless memory of the dead.

CIRCE

It is the law of streams to run,
  Of autumn leaves to fall;
And she who has been false to one,—
  She will be false to all.

O, wild as tempest on the sea
  Is that poor lover's fate,
Whose faithful spirit, bound to thee,
  Must hope and fear and wait!

By surge of joy and storm of pain
  His heart is soothed or broke;
He would not rend thy heavenly chain,—
  He cannot bear thy yoke.

There is no heaven so high as faith,
  No hell so deep as doubt,
No haunted spectre like the wraith
  Thy fancies wile or flout!

Ah, let that tiger heart of thine,
  By brutish mercy led,
To just one piteous act incline—
  And strike thy lover dead!

Then, let the streams forever run,
  The leaves forever fall!
Thou wilt,—at last,—be true to one,
  And not be false to all.

DEAD LEAVES

Not made by worth, nor marred by flaw,
  Not won by good, nor lost by ill,
Love is its own and only law,
  And lives and dies by its own will.
It was our fate and not our sin
That we should love, and love should win.

Not bound by oath, nor stayed by prayer,
  Nor held by thirst of strong desire,
Love lives like fragrance in the air,
  And dies as breaking waves expire.
'Twas death, not falsehood, bade us part,—
The death of love that killed my heart.

Not kind, as dreaming poets think,
  Nor merciful, as sages say,—
Love heeds not where its victims sink,
  When once its passion ebbs away.
'Twas Nature, it was not disdain,
That made thee careless of my pain.

Not thralled by law, nor ruled by right,
  Love keeps no audit with the skies:

Its star, that once is quenched in night,
  Has set,—and never more will rise.
My soul is lost, by thee forgot,
And there's no heaven where thou art not.

But happy he, though scathed and lone,
  Who sees afar love's fading wings,—
Whose seared and blighted heart has known
  The splendid agony it brings!
No life that is, no life to be,
Can ever take the past from me!

Red roses bloom for other lives,—
  Your withered leaves alone are mine:
Yet, not for all that time survives
  Would I your heavenly gift resign,—
Now cold and dead, once warm and true,—
The love that lived and died in you.

THE WHITE ROSE

More strange than death to all regrets,
  Love gives no tear to passion sped:
Its frozen heart at once forgets
  The wronged, the absent, and the dead.
We see the wave that Venus rides,—
We do not see the doom it hides.

Fierce, boundless, fetterless, supreme,
  Relentless, glorious, mindless, gay,
Love grants us one supernal dream,
  One vision, one ecstatic day;
In fate's dull book one fiery page,—
Of bliss an hour, of woe an age.

Be the red roses never more
  Companions to a thought of mine!
Behind me fades the lessening shore,
  Above, the stars of midnight shine;
On black and dangerous seas they gleam,
And life is done with doubt and dream.

Pale, spectral shapes of dead desire,
  Poor wandering souls of heavenly light,

So lovely in your soft attire,
  So coldly pure, so sadly bright,
Henceforth be angels of my fate,
And take the life ye consecrate!

White roses for the cradled head,
  The bridal veil, the stainless pall!
When love and sin and grief are dead,
  Let the white roses shroud them all!
Ah! bloom for me while time flows on,
And guard my rest when I am gone.

REFUGE

Set your face to the sea, fond lover,—
  Cold in darkness the sea-winds blow!
Waves and clouds and the night will cover
  All your passion and all your woe:
Sobbing waves, and the death within them,
  Sweet as the lips that once you prest—
Pray that your hopeless heart may win them!
  Pray that your weary life may rest!

Set your face to the stars, fond lover,—
  Calm, and silent, and bright, and true!—
They will pity you, they will hover
  Softly over the deep for you.
Winds of heaven will sigh your dirges,
  Tears of heaven for you be spent,
And sweet for you will the murm'ring surges
  Pour the wail of their low lament.

Set your face to the lonely spaces,
  Vast and gaunt, of the midnight sky!
There, with the drifting cloud, your place is,
  There with the griefs that cannot die.
Love is a mocking fiend's derision,
  Peace a phantom, and faith a snare!
Make the hope of your heart a vision—
  Look to heaven, and find it there!

REQUIEM

Bring withered autumn leaves,
Call everything that grieves,
And build a funeral pyre above his head!
Heap there all golden promise that deceives,
Beauty, that wins the heart and then bereaves,—
For Love is dead.

Not slowly did he die:
A meteor from the sky
Falls not so swiftly as his spirit fled,
When, with regretful, half-averted eye,
He gave one little smile, one little sigh,
And so was sped.

But oh, not yet, not yet
Would my lost soul forget
How beautiful he was while he did live;
Or, when his eyes were dewy and lips wet,
What kisses, tenderer than all regret,
My love would give.

Strew roses on his breast!
He loved the roses best;
He never cared for lilies or for snow.
Let be this bitter end of his sweet quest;
Let be the pallid silence that is rest—
And let all go!

THE UNDERTONE

It droops and dies in morning light—
  The rose that yesterday was whole:
'Ah, whither, on the wind of night,
  Is borne the fragrance of my soul?'

It sinks upon the ocean zone—
  The wind that marred the tender rose:
'Ah, whither has the fragrance flown,
  And what shall give my soul repose?'

It breaks upon the rocky shore—
  The vast, tumultuous, grieving sea:
'Ah, never, never, never more
  Can love and peace come back to me!'

It sobs, far up the lonely sky,
  It faints in regions of the blest—
The endless, bitter, human cry,
  And only Death could tell the rest.

A LOST LOVE

White clouds, lone wand'ring o'er the wastes that sever
My sorrowing soul from her it loves in vain,
Waft to her heart, whom I have lost forever,
This last sad cry of passion and of pain.

Tell her, for many a year my spirit waited,
Now in faith's rapture, now in doubt's chill gloom,
For her, the angel-born, divinely fated
To be at once my glory and my doom.

Tell her I know how very far asunder
The lonely currents of our lives must be:
For her the summer sky, with roses under,
For me the rain-cloud and the sobbing sea.

Yet, could she feel how dark this world is growing
For him whose sad eyes see her drift away,—
A shadow, ever pale and paler showing
In evening twilight, cold, and bleak, and gray,—

Perchance her lips, remembering my caresses,
Her heart, yet thrilling with the throbs of mine,
Would once more turn to him whose grief confesses
Love's vain and madd'ning struggle to resign.

Ah, to forget—and conquer in forgetting!
But death alone this stormy heart can quell:—
Sad star of hope, now hasten to thy setting,
And, O, bright goddess of my life, Farewell!

PREDESTINED

A CALM cold face as white and clear
  As marble, and as passionless:
Eyes darkly sad, that tell no fear,
  No hope, no pleasure, no distress:

A smile, that seems all o'er to sleep,
  As sleeps a sunbeam on a stone;
A gentle voice, but soft and deep,
  And full of music, every tone;

A courtly manner,—he is true
  To social usage, and will pay
To all the world its proper due
  Of graceful, stately courtesy:—

Behold, an awful thought it is
  That such a ghastly, gaunt despair
Can wear a shape so grand as this,
  A face so noble and so fair!

For that is not a common grief
  Which tears his heart and burns his brain
Who feels eternity too brief
  For his tremendous trance of pain!

Whose soul endures infernal woes,
  Enchained by some infernal spell;
Who knows not peace, but only knows
  The lurid, withering fires of hell!

THE WRECKER'S BELL

I

'There's a lurid light in the clouds to-night,
In the wind there's a desolate moan;
And the rage of the furious sea is white,
Where it beats on the crags of stone:
Stand here at my side, and look over the tide,
And say if you hear it,—the sullen knell,
Faint, from afar, on the harbor-bar,
The hollow boom of the wrecker's bell.
For I cannot hear—I am cold with fear—
Ah, leave me not alone!
For I'm old, I'm old, and my blood is cold,
And I fear to be alone.'

II

With a shudder I saw his ashen face,
In that wild and fearful night—
For his blazing eyes illumed the place
With a terrible, ghastly light;
And ever his long locks floated out,
As white as the foam of the sea;
And the great waves dashed on the rocks about
With a mad and cruel glee.

But I stood by his side, and looked over the tide,
And faintly I heard that solemn knell,
Faint, from afar, on the harbor-bar,
The hollow boom of the wrecker's bell.

III

'It is but the clang of the signal bell,
That floats through the midnight air:
For many a year in the surging swell
Has the old bell sounded there.
When the storm in his might rides through the night.
And his steeds in thunder neigh,
Then its iron tongue is swayed and swung,
And plunged in the angry spray;
And so when the summer skies are bright,
And the breakers are at play.
But wherefore is it you stay me here,
And why do you shudder and moan,
And what are the nameless shapes you fear
In this desolate place alone?
For your eyes are set in a dreadful glare,
And you shrink at the solemn knell,
As it trembles along the midnight air—
The boom of the wrecker's bell.'

IV

'Look up,' he cried, 'to the awful sky,
Look over the furious sea,
And mark, as the grinning fiends float by,
How they beckon and howl to me!

They are ringing my knell with the baleful bell,
And they gloat on the doom to be.
Ah! give me your hand, and look not back—
We stand not here alone—
And the horrible shapes that throng my track
Would turn your heart to stone.
The spell of the dead is on the hour,
And I yield my soul to its fearful power.'

V

A face looks forth in the darkness there,
A young face, sweet with a rosy light:
The sunshine sleeps in her golden hair,
And her violet eyes are softly bright:
On her parted lips there's an innocent smile,
Like a sunbeam kissing a velvet rose;
And her cheeks of pearl grow warm the while,
With a delicate blush that comes and goes.
Ah! purer than morn in its purest hour,
And holy as one from an angel clime,
Was the tender woman, the beautiful flower,
I loved and lost in the far-off time.

VI

One fatal night, in the long ago,
My gallant cruiser passed that bar.
In a bank of clouds the moon hung low,
And the sombre sky showed scarce a star.
The night was calm, but I heard in the swell
A murmur of storm, and, far away,

The muffled toll of the wrecker's bell,
  As it floated up from the outer bay.
And a look of hate in the waiting waves
Spoke to my soul of a place of graves.

VII

I watched them there, as I stood at the wheel,—
The happy lover, the radiant bride,—
And the wasting fever of frantic pain
And jealous hatred burnt my brain;
And I felt what only demons feel,
For the man who walked by that woman's side. . . .
Nothing they thought of danger then,
Or the schemes and crimes of wicked men.
Lost in a wordless dream of bliss,
And consecrate with marriage kiss,
What could those innocent creatures know
Of the burning hate, the maddening woe,
And the deadly purpose of blind despair,
In the heart of the fiend beside them there!

VIII

An hour had passed—he stood alone, . . .
  I thought no creature saw the blow
That felled him senseless as a stone,
Or heard the pitiful, low moan,
  His death-sigh, as he sank below
  These very waters where they flow
    Around that vengeful bell.
But joy, like grief, will vigils keep,

And love hath eyes that never sleep,
And secret tongues that tell.
She came, like some swift bolt of light,
Scarce seen, a meteor of the sight!
One dazzling gleam, one cry so shrill
That sea and sky and this lone hill
Are echoing with its anguish still—
And she had leaped into the night:
And on her murdered lover's breast
In the same wave she sunk to rest.
That moment o'er the sky
Flamed the red wrath of such a storm
As might enwreathe the avenger's form
When howling fiends defy.
No ship could live in the gale that blew,
And mine went down, with all her crew—
I, only, left alive:
Spurned upward out of weltering hell
To that same reef where swings the bell
That, ever since, with fateful spell,
Hath drawn me by its hideous knell,
I breathed, and ceased to strive—
I, whom the lightning will not rend,
Nor waves engulf, nor death befriend,
Nor holy father shrive!' . . .

IX

There's a lurid light in the clouds to-night,
In the wind there's a desolate moan;
But the waves roll soft on the sand so white,
And break on the crags of stone;

And the sea-gulls scream in their frolic flight,
  And all my dream is flown.
But, far away in the twilight gloom,
I still can hear it, the muffled boom,—
And it seems to be ringing a dead man's knell,—
Solemn and slow, of the wrecker's bell.

ACCOMPLICES

Black rocks upon the ragged coast,
  Mutter no more our hidden crime!
I hear, far off, your sullen boast,
  But I defy you! 'tis not time!

You cannot tell our secret yet;
  The trusty sea must keep its dead,
And many suns arise and set
  Before that awful word is said.

For I am young; I've all the grace
  Of life, and love, and beauty now:
There's not a wrinkle on my face;
  There's not a shadow on my brow.

I cannot bear the loathsome grave,
  I will not leave the cheerful sun!
Rave on! in storm and midnight rave,
  For years and years, till all is done:

Till these brown locks are changed to gray;
  Till these clear eyes are dim and old;
Not yet, not yet the fatal day
  When all that horror must be told!

But, then—gnash all your jagged teeth,
And howl for vengeance! I will come;
And that same cruel pit beneath
Shall yawn and gulf me to my home.

To-day—forbear, nor mutter more!
The sky is dark, and dark the sea,
And all the land, from shore to shore,
Is hideous with your grisly glee.

FULL-CIRCLE

The future and the past are blended,
And all will one day re-appear;
For nothing in this world is ended,
Whatever seems to perish here.

ORGIA

Who cares for nothing alone is free,—
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me!

With a careless heart and a merry eye
He laughs at the world as the world goes by;

He laughs at power, and wealth, and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear;
At memory's dead leaves, crisp and sere;

He laughs at the future, cold and dim,—
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

O, that is the comrade fit for me!
He cares for nothing, his soul is free;

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine—
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine!

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law;
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,
And over the chalice I riot and laugh.

I laugh, like the cruel and turbulent wave;
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near;

For I know that death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood, as I drink this wine.

And he cares for nothing! a king is he—
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined hopes and a wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of long ago:

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose,
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose;

To the splendor, caught from orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,—

Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the south,—
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul, in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood:

And, last of all, to the monarch of sin,
Who scaled its rampart and reigns within.

My sight is fading—it dies away—
I cannot tell is it night or day.

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

I cannot see you—the end is nigh—
But we'll laugh together before I die.

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall—
Your hand, good fellow,—I die—that's all.

EREBUS

THERE'S a mossy, sunken grave,
In the solemn land of dreams,
All alone;
Where the dusky branches wave
O'er the banks of sable streams,
With a moan:
A dull sky spans it overhead,
Like a tomb;
The wan stars glimmer far away
In the gloom;
And a pale moon gleams
On the haunts of the dead,
Where the ghouls and the demons play.
And the souls that wander here
See each other very clear;
And remember,—but weep not!
Remember,—but sleep not!
Remember,—but cannot pray!

LETHE

I

Sweet oblivion, blood of grape,
Let me take thy hue and shape!
Flood this heavy heart of mine!
Turn it into ruddy wine!
Through my veins, with golden glow,
Airy spirit, flash and flow!
Deify this clod of clay!
Waft my willing soul away!

II

Dark and sad my fancies are—
Tired of peace and tired of war.
Joke of jester, prank of clown,
Weigh my heavy eyelids down.
All philosophies are drear;
Music's jargon in my ear;
Endless tides of empty talk
Babble round me where I walk;
I am deafened by the din
That the world is wrangling in.

III

Prince of sunrise, fiery wine,
Let me lose my soul in thine!
Close my eyes and stop my ears
To all a mortal sees or hears:—
Roll of drums, and clash of swords,
Fretful snarl of angry words,
Church, and State, and bond, and free,
Party, creed, and policy,
Tattle, prattle, laugh, and groan,
Crozier, sceptre, flag, and throne,
Garrulous and grand debate
Which of moles is small or great,
Whom to pray for, who shall pray,
And what agile critics say.

IV

Sun of rubies, radiant wine,
Melt my being into thine!
So my dream of death shall bless
Memory with forgetfulness.
No more weary, wasting thought
On a past so folly-fraught!
No more dreams of love-lit eyes,
Silken hair and tender sighs,
And wild kisses sweet, that shake
The frame of being!—poor mistake!
Nor that other, just as poor,—
Toil for praise of sage or boor:

Fire, that burnishes a crown,
Fire, that burns a kingdom down,
Fire, that ravages his breast
Who takes ambition for its guest!
But at last, instead of these,
Sunset cloud and evening breeze,
Holy starlight shining dim,
Organ wail and vesper hymn,
Cypress wreath and asphodels,
Gentle toll of distant bells,—
All that makes the sleeper blest
In a bed of endless rest.

V

When this farce of life is o'er,
Are we fretted any more?
Do they rest, I'd like to know,
Under grass or under snow,
Who have gone that silent way
You and I must go, some day?
If they do, it seems to me
Happy were it thus to be
Sleeping where the violets grow,
And the bramble-roses blow,
And the sunshine pours its gold
On mossy rock and woodland old,
While gentle winds, and clouds of fleece,
And rippling waters whisper—peace!

VI

Vain the fancy: nothing dies:
Falling water falls to rise;
Round and round the atoms fly,—
Turf, and stone, and sea, and sky,
Vapor-drop and blood of man,—
In the inexorable plan.
All is motion: nothing dies:
Mystery of mysteries!

VII

Royal road of blest escape!
Sweet oblivion, blood of grape,
Let me take thy hue and shape!
In thy spirit floating free,
I shall be a reverie,
A flitting thought, a fading dream,
A melting cloud, a faint moonbeam,
A breath, a mist, a ghost of light,
To rise and vanish in the night,—
Unseeing all, by all unseen,
And being as I had not been.

THE ORDEAL

I

Angel of Grief! thy spectral passage winging
  Above black waves and under moonless skies,
Where nevermore is heard the voice of singing,
  Nor any light e'er falls from beauty's eyes,
  Now wave thy sable pinion where he lies
Whom to destroy thy fancy did create!
  In diamond pomp thy summons bade him rise,
And thine the blight that cursed his human state
And left him ocean-tost, forlorn, and desolate.

II

Man lives not as he would, but as he must!
  Deep in his soul the current of his doom
Runs darkly; that this clod of fevered dust,
  Desiring heaven, and drifting to a tomb,
  Wantons in revelry, or droops in gloom,
Exults in action, falters in defeat,
  E'en as thy spirit doth its life illume,
Making its blood a torrent fierce and fleet,
Or as some stagnant pool where death and darkness meet.

III

Thou didst create this being all of fire,
But 'twas not all from heaven; the grosser flame
Glowed with the finer,—till his mad desire
Revelled in wild delights, contemning shame
And staining the white crest of noble fame:
Yet all the while thy spirit fed his heart
With wildering dreams and hopes, till he became
A soul of thy dark strain, and dwelt apart,—
The visionary child of genius and of art.

IV

From earliest youth his spirit kept its throne
By the sea's marge, or on the mountain height,
Or in the forest deeps, or meadow lone,
Where the long shadows fall, as comes the night,
And spectral shapes gleam on the startled sight
And vanish with low sighs: the darkling caves
That line the murm'rous shore were his delight,
Where the defeated billow chafes and raves,
And much he loved the stars that shine on lonely graves.

V

By night he roamed along the haunted shore,
And on the vacant summit of the hills
Held converse with the vast; while evermore
The awful mystery with which Nature thrills,—
Whispering the poet's heart, and thence distils

The essence of her beauty,—wrapt his soul,
Buoyant and glorious, with such power as fills
The dread expanse where sky and ocean roll,
Thought measureless supreme, and feeling past control.

VI

Among the haunts of men a wanderer still,
He walked a dusky pathway, all his own ;
For men were not his mates—their good, their ill
Were things by him unfelt, to him unknown—
An empty laughter or an idle moan ;
And they that saw him passed him coldly by,
And thus he roved his shadowy world alone,—
A world of haunting shapes and phantasy,
And life a dream that longed and dreaded not to die.

VII

This is the bitter close,—that in their flow,
The stern years ravage from us, one by one,
Each hope that sanctifies a life of woe,
All that is fair and bright beneath the sun,
And that sweet faith with which our days begun ;
Till not one glimmering ray from heavenly spheres,
O'er longings thwarted and high aims undone,
Gilds the bleak stream of those remorseless years,
And quenched the spring of joy, and dried the fount of tears.

VIII

Close, close around us draws the prison shade,
And ever closer, as our moments glide—
The iron web of doom ourselves have made,
By fealty to the power which doth reside
Within ourselves, not once to be denied,
Nor curbed, nor conquered! Action doth but make
A past to be remembered; and the pride
Of mightiest will that would life's guidance take
Must, like the frailest heart, at last repine and break.

IX

This fate was his—but not in darkness all
Ran the wild current of his days and deeds;
Still on the ruined fane the moonlight falls,
And still the radiant dawn the night succeeds,
And his the gentlest heart that soonest bleeds,
And thus the first to love and to be blest
With that great glory of all human needs
Which, whether crowned or martyred, still is best—
The angel regnant once within the human breast.

X

To love and to be loved—to have the bliss,
The perfect heaven of one responsive soul;
To feel the throbbing heart, the burning kiss,
When thought and feeling, loosed from all control,
Like torrents to the sea tumultuous roll,

And life becomes all rapture—this he knew!
And, knowing this, however fate may dole
Her mercies forth, the many or the few,
No flower is left to bloom that e'er in Eden grew.

XI

He loved—he lost—and from that fatal hour
His soul was haunted by one heavenly face;
One sacred name had ever more the power
To shed a glory upon every place,
And gild each moment with a deathless grace!—
His heart had worshipped and his quest had found,
And now, though cold and empty his embrace,
His lonely footsteps fell on holy ground,
With angel shapes and tones forever circling round.

XII

The dying light of sunset; the low sigh
Of whispering winds that stir the fallen leaves;
The golden host of stars; the midnight sky;
The mystic sea, that not exults nor grieves;
The rosy magic of the dawn that weaves
Its web of beauty, fading while it grows,—
All that they mean the hallowed heart receives,
Sealed with the sacrament that grief bestows,
And all that Nature has of tender mystery
knows.

XIII

Angel of Sorrow! though thy fevered hand
  Drop on the stricken heart a cross of fire;
Though gloom and sighs and tears, a grisly band,
  Watch round his midnight couch till hope expire;
  Though faith give o'er, and heavenly patience tire,
And naught remain but bitter, bleak despair,
  Yet dost thou lift thy hapless victim higher!—
With nothing left to lose, he all may dare!
Who scorns the dart of death heeds not the frown of care!

XIV

His o'er-fraught bosom and his haunted brain
  Gave out their music, and then ceased to be,—
A strange, a weird, a melancholy strain,
  Like the low moaning of the distant sea!
  And when death harshly set his spirit free
From frenzied days and penury and blight,
  At least 'twas tender mercy's kind decree,—
Shrining his name in memory's living light,
With thoughts that gild the day and charm the lingering night.

XV

He was the voice of beauty and of woe,
  Passion and mystery and the dread unknown;
Pure as the mountains of perpetual snow,
  Cold as the icy winds that round them moan,
  Dark as the caves wherein earth's thunders groan,

Wild as the tempests of the upper sky,
  Sweet as the faint, far-off, celestial tone
Of angel whispers, fluttering from on high,
And tender as love's tear when youth and beauty die.

XVI

Oh, if he sinned he suffered! Let him rest,
  Who, in this world, had little but its pain!
The life of patient virtue still is blest—
  But there be bosoms powerless to restrain
  The surging tempests of the heart and brain;
Souls that are driven madly o'er the deep,
  Their passions fatal and their struggle vain;
Men that in nameless grief their vigils keep,
With marble lips, and eyes that burn but cannot weep.

XVII

Far from the blooming field and fragrant wood,
  The shining songster of the summer sky,
O'er ocean's black and frightful solitude
  Driven on broken wing, must sink and die;
  So on the ocean of eternity,
Far from man's help and all things bright and warm,
  Broken and lost, but with no lingering sigh—
For death, at last, is peace—his ravaged form
Sank in the weltering wave, and no more felt the storm.

XVIII

His music dies not—nor can ever die—
Blown round the world by every wandering wind;
The comet, lessening in the midnight sky,
Still leaves its trail of glory far behind.
Death cannot quench the lustre of the mind,
Nor hush the seraph song that beauty sings;
Still in the poet's soul must Nature find
Her voice for every secret that she brings,
To all that dwell beneath the brooding of her wings.

XIX

The silent waves of time's eternal sea
Roll o'er the silent relics of the dead;
But, wafted on those waters, wide and free,
How bright, how fleet his starry songs are sped!
Black gleams the deep beneath, but overhead
All heaven is glorious with its orbs of light,
While, like a spirit loosed from ocean's bed,
Lo! one clear echo, sounding through the night,
Floats up the crystal slopes of life's far mountain-height.

THE WHITE FLAG

I

Bring poppies for a weary mind
  That saddens in a senseless din,
And let my spirit leave behind
  A world of riot and of sin,—
In action's torpor deaf and blind.

Bring poppies—that I may forget!
  Bring poppies—that I may not learn!
But bid the audacious sun to set,
  And bid the peaceful starlight burn,
O'er buried memory and regret.

Then will the slumberous grasses grow
  Above the bed wherein I sleep;
While winds I love will softly blow,
  And dews I love will softly weep,
O'er rest and silence hid below.

Bring poppies,—for this toil is vain;
  I cannot guide the rush of life:
A stronger hand must grasp the rein,
  A stouter arm oppose the strife,
A braver heart defy the pain.

Youth was my friend,—but youth had wings,
  And he has flown unto the day,
And left me, in a night of things,
  Bewildered, on a lonesome way,
And careless what the future brings.

Let there be sleep! nor any more
  The noise of useless deed or word;
While the free spirit hovers o'er
  A sea where not a sound is heard—
A sea of dreams, without a shore.

II

Dark Angel, counselling defeat,
  I see thy mournful, tender eyes;
I hear thy voice, so faint, so sweet,
  And very dearly should I prize
Thy perfect peace, thy rest complete.

But is it rest to vanish hence,
  To mix with earth, or sea, or air?
Is death indeed a full defence
  Against the tyranny of care?
Or is it cruellest pretence?

And, if an hour of peace draws nigh,
  Shall we, who know the arts of war,
Turn from the field and basely fly,
  Nor take what fate reserves us for,
Because we dream 'twere sweet to die?

What shall the untried warriors do,
  If we, the battered veterans, fail?
How strive, and suffer, and be true,
  In storms that make our spirits quail,
Except our valor lead them through?

Though for ourselves we droop and tire,
  Let us at least for them be strong.
'Tis but to bear familiar fire;
  Life at the longest is not long,
And peace at last will crown desire.

So, Death, I will not hear thee speak!
  But I will live and still endure
All storms of pain that time can wreak.
  My flag be white because 'tis pure,
And not because my soul is weak!

JUBEL

Surge up in wanton waves to-day,
  Ye memories of a restless past!
In shine and shadow glance and play,—
  This golden moment is your last.

Float, phantoms, o'er a sapphire sea,—
  Remembered joy, remembered pain,
Passions and fears that used to be,
  But never can be mine again!

Sweet visions, faded long ago,
  So beautiful, and once so dear,—
That wrought alike my bliss and woe,—
  Your welcome and farewell are here.

For now no more can fancy wile
  My steadfast heart with dreams untrue:
I give you each a parting smile,
  I give you all a glad adieu.

As one whose soul, on vibrant wings
  Of new-born freedom, mounts the skies,
Spurning the earth, my spirit springs
  To scale the peaks of paradise.

The sunshine wraps me in its arms,
  Wild winds of power around me blow,
And heaven's ablaze with starry charms
  To bless the path whereon I go.

For mine is now the ardent truth
  And secret of an angel's kiss;
The valley of immortal youth;
  The sacred mountain-height of bliss!

IDLENESS

The clouds drift and the rivers flow,
Not caring how nor where they go,
And ev'ry sound of action seems
Like fairy music heard in dreams.
Why should we fret our peace away,
Who have so little time to stay?
Since Nature, with so much to do,
Can rest, let us be idle, too.

GEORGE ARNOLD

Beneath the still November sky,
With Nature's peace and beauty blest,
We put our selfish sorrow by,
And laid our comrade down to rest.

Rest,—in the morning of his days!
Rest,—when his heart had just begun
To feel the warmth of rip'ning praise,
The radiance of the rising sun!

Rest,—to a strong and stately mind,
That rose all common flights above!
Rest,—to a heart as true and kind
As ever glowed with human love!

And round him, dimly, through our grief
In every natural sound we heard,—
In whispering grass, and rustling leaf,
And sighing wind,—the same sweet word:

Rest! And we did not break the spell
By holy Nature woven round
The fading form we left to dwell
Forever in her hallowed ground.

No hymns were sung, no prayers were said,
  Save what our loving hearts could say,
When, mutely gazing on the dead,
  We blessed him ere we turned away:

Back to the round of daily care,
  That seems so vacant to us now,
Remembering what repose was there,
  What peace, upon his marble brow.

And so we left him,—nevermore
  To see, in sunshine or in rain,
The semblance of the form he wore
  Whose loss has steeped our souls in pain.

But, long as skies of autumn smile,
  And long as clouds of autumn weep,
Or autumn leaves their splendors pile
  In sorrow o'er their poet's sleep;

And long as violets grace the spring,
  Or June-born roses blush and blow,
Or pale stars shine, or south winds sing,
  Or tides of summer ebb and flow;

So long shall live their poet's name,
  When rest these broken hearts of ours,—
Embalmed in love, surpassing fame,
  With stars, and leaves, and clouds, and flowers!

ADA

Spring will return, and woods grow green
From shore to shore;
But she, unseeing and unseen,
Returns no more.

Low in the ground her sleep is sweet,
And dark, and long;
No more she treads, with wandering feet,
Our maze of wrong.

No more the world's rebuke can fret
Her soul's repose;
Nor kindness woo her to forget
Her bitter woes.

She will not stir, nor speak, nor heed,
Though eyes that weep,
And sorrow-stricken hearts that bleed,
Beseech her sleep.

Yet, be it mine, above her pall,
To shed one tear,
And speak one word of love, that all
The world may hear.

A brother's place in that fond breast
'Twas mine to hold:
Ah, they loved most who knew her best,—
That heart of gold.

She was more kind than slumbers are
To eyes that grieve;
And, like the constant northern star,
Could ne'er deceive.

There was no sorrow on the earth
But touched her heart;
And in all gentle, childlike mirth
She bore a part.

There was no goodness but it won
Her reverent praise,
And full of kind deeds, simply done,
Were all her days.

She strove, through trouble's lasting blight,
For pathways smooth,
And many hands she found to smite,
And few to soothe.

A child, whom cruel want has made
A thing forlorn,
Stretching its little hands for aid,
To eyes that scorn;

And wand'ring through the winter night,
For beggar's dole,
Is not more piteous in its plight
Than was her soul.

Yet did she hope, and toil, and wait,
Heaven's will to know,
Till came the awful stroke of fate
That laid her low.

Sleep softly, softly, true and tried,
Where troubles cease;
And take at last, what Life denied,
Death's gift of peace.

BEYOND THE DARK

THERE'S a region afar from earth
  Should be very happy to-day;
For a sweet soul, ripe for its birth,
  Has flown from its prison away.
And I think, as I muse alone,
  While the night is falling around,
Of a cold, white, glimmering stone,
  And a desolate, grassy mound;
Of eyes that will shine never more,
  Of hands that have finished their task;—
And my heart is heavy and sore,
  And my thought is eager to ask
If, at last, all things will be well,
  In the morning beyond the dark;
What secret the pale lips could tell
  Of the sleeper silent and stark.
But there comes a murmur of trees,
  That wave their glad branches, and bring
Blossoms and leaves, to shake in the breeze,
  From miraculous spring to spring;
And they whisper that all is well,
  For the same hand is guiding us all,
Whether 'tis felt in man's death-knell,
  Or in autumn leaves as they fall.

And so many have gone before,
  That the voice of another sphere
Floats oft from o'er a sable shore,
  And pierces the shadow of fear.
O heart that forever is still,
  Thou wilt ache with trouble no more,
Nor know of the good or the ill
  Of a lunatic world's uproar!
Nor care for the great or the small
  Of a strange, bewildering life,
That oft seems dust and ashes all,
  And is mostly a vapid strife!
For the end is the peace of grass,
  And the spirit, ever to be:
One for us to feel as we pass,
  The other encompassing thee.
Clouds sail, and the bright waters flow,
  And our spirits must journey on;
But it cannot be ill to go
  The way upon which thou hast gone.

ASLEEP

I

He knelt beside her pillow in the dead watch of the night,
And he heard her gentle breathing, but her face was still and white,
And on her poor, wan cheek a tear told how the heart can weep,
And he said, 'My love was weary—God bless her! she's asleep.'

II

He knelt beside her grave-stone in the shuddering autumn night,
And he heard the dry grass rustle, and his face was thin and white,
And through his heart the tremor ran of grief that cannot weep,
And he said, 'My love was weary—God bless her! she's asleep.'

HOMEWARD BOUND

On roseate shores, in evening's glow,
With pulsing music soft and sweet,
While winds of summer gently blow,
The waves of time's great ocean beat;
No cloud obscures the heavenly dome,
And only on the shining sea
The tossing crests of silver foam
Presage the tempest yet to be.

Low down upon the ocean's verge,
Blent with the waters and the skies,
Far, far across the sounding surge
The golden city's towers arise:
Fair in the sunset light they gleam,
Youth's chosen realm, bold manhood's goal,
The promised land of fancy's dream,
The golden city of the soul!

How softly bright, how purely cold,
Those domes and pinnacles of bliss!
How radiant, through its gates of gold,
That world of rapture smiles on this!

How glorious, in the dying day,
  O'er bastion ridge and glimmering moat,
Through rainbow clouds and rosy spray,
  Its purple banners flash and float!

There, safe from every mortal ill,
  Waits every wasted wish of man;
The hopes that time could ne'er fulfil,
  And only Death and Nature can!
There peace will touch the eyes of grief,
  And mercy soothe the heart of pain;
And every bud, and flower, and leaf
  That withered here will bloom again!

Ah, sailor to the golden realm,
  With hope's glad haven clear before,
Why muse beside the idle helm,
  With listless glances back to shore?
Night hovers o'er his trackless way,
  To blot the stars and dim the land;
What voice is at his heart, to stay
  The signal wafture of his hand?

Not thus, in other days, his soul
  Of power and trust could wander back,—
But saw the mists of time unroll,
  And angels throng the shining track;
Heard mystic voices, from afar,
  Of warders on the sacred coast;
Sprang up to meet the morning star
  And mingle with the heavenly host.

But he has borne the rage of storms,
  Through many a slow and patient year,
Still following those celestial forms
  That beckon and elude him here;
Till doubt has dimmed his eager gaze,
  And toil subdued his ardent mind,
And sorrow burdened all his days
  With quest of peace he could not find.

Her kiss is cold upon his lips,
  Who swore to be forever true;
His eyes have seen youth's phantom ships
  Fade down beyond the distant blue;
His hand has cleared the gathering moss
  From many a tablet, cold and white,
Where, dark with sense of doom and loss,
  His comrades sleep, in starless night.

The wayward shafts of cruel fate,
  That strike the best and purest lives;
The curse of blessings come too late;
  The broken faith that life survives;
Love's frail pretence, ambition's lure,
  Malignant envy's poisoned dart,
That wounds and tortures, past a cure,
  The mangled, seared, embittered heart;—

The weary, wistful, sad repose
  Of ardor quenched and feeling sped;
The arid calm he only knows
  Whose hope is,—like his idols,—dead;

All that repentant spirits bear,
  For sin and folly past recall,
Remorse, endurance, patience, care—
  His soul has known and borne them all.

Ah, touch him gently, winds of night,
  And ocean odors, vague and strange,
Revive his morn of young delight—
  Supreme o'er doubt, and fear, and change!
The fading tints of life restore,
  The wasted fires of youth relume,
And round his radiant path once more
  Let music sound and roses bloom!

Long has he gazed in Nature's eyes,
  Long kept the faith her glory yields,—
The pageant of the starry skies,
  The flowery pomp of spangled fields,
The fragrant depth of woodland ways,
  White in the moon, or dusk and dim,
And lonely mountain tops that blaze
  Through sunset lustre, vast and grim.

Long has he bowed at Nature's shrine—
  Shall Nature's soul desert him now?
Ah! shine again, thou star divine,
  And touch with light his darkening brow!
Though pleasures pall, though idols fall,
  Though wisdom end in long regret,
Death's glorious conquest pays for all,
  And He who made will not forget! . . .

The day is done, the storm is free,
  And night and danger ride the gale;
But, bravely speeding, far at sea,
  Gleams, white and clear, a lessening sail!
One moment seen, now lost to sight,
  'Mid driving cloud and ocean's roar;
But, steered by Mercy's beacon-light,
  He yet shall reach the golden shore!

BROUGHAM

If buds by hopes of spring are blessed
That sleep beneath the snow,
And hearts by coming joys caressed,
Which yet they dimly know,—
On fields where England's daisies gleam,
And Ireland's shamrocks bloom,
To-day shall summer, in her dream,
Be glad with thoughts of Brougham.

To-day, o'er miles and miles of sea,
Beneath the jocund sun,
With merrier force and madder glee
The bannered winds shall run:
To-day great waves shall ramp and reel,
And clash their shields of foam,
With bliss to feel the coming keel
That bears the wanderer home!

For he that, loved and honored here,
(God bless his silver head!)
O'er many a heart, for many a year,
The dew of joy has shed,
Longs for the land that gave him birth,
Turns back to boy again,
And, bright with all the flags of mirth,
Sails homeward o'er the main.

Ah, well may winds and waves be gay,
And flowers and streams rejoice,
And that sweet region far away
Become one greeting voice;
For he draws backward to that place,
Who ne'er, by deed or art,
Made darkness in one human face,
Or sorrow in one heart!

He comes, whom all the rosy sprites
That round Thalia throng
Have tended close through golden nights
Of laughter, wit, and song;
Whom love's bright angels still have known,—
He ne'er forgot to hear
The helpless widow's suppliant moan,
Or dry the orphan's tear.

Where boughs of oak and willow toss,
His life's white pathway flows,—
With many an odor blown across,
Of lily and of rose.
His gentle life, that blessings crown,
Is fame no chance can dim;
We honor manhood's best renown
When now we honor him.

Grief may stand silent in the eye,
And silent on the lip,
When, poised between the sea and sky,
Dips down the fading ship;

But there's one charm his heart to keep
  And hold his constant mind,—
He'll find no love beyond the deep
  Like that he leaves behind!

So, to thy breast, old ocean, take
  This brother of our soul!
Ye winds, be gentle for his sake!
  Ye billows, smoothly roll!
And thou, sad Ireland, green and fair,
  Across the waters wild
Stretch forth strong arms of loving care,
  And guard thy cherished child!

And whether back to us he drift,
  Or pass beyond our view,
Where life's celestial mountains lift
  Their peaks above the blue,—
His will be done, whose gracious will,
  Through all our mortal fret,
The sacred blessing leaves us still,
  To love, and not forget.

A WELCOME

I

A PERFUME that all sense delights
Enchants us most on summer nights,
And music, Nature's kindest boon,
Is sweetest 'neath the summer moon:
For summer night and moonlight give
Quiet and grace, in which we live;
In which alone the prisoned soul
Finds, if not words, at least control,
And, for a moment, lifts us far
To realms where saints and angels are.
So friendship's soft and tender voice
Sounds clearest when our hearts rejoice:
For, when contentment warms the heart,
Dull thoughts and sordid cares depart,—
By love exhaled,—and in their place
Burns the rich glow of peace and grace.
And then we see each other clear;
The voice within the voice we hear;
And deep thoughts surge to eye and cheek,
Nor words, nor smiles, nor tears can speak!
The old love-ditties that were sung,
The whispered vows, when we were young,
The silken touch of fragrant tress,

The maiden's awful loveliness,
Starlight and sea-breeze, beach and spray,
The sunshine of some sacred day,
A mother's kiss on lip and brow,
The tones of loved ones, silent now,
The light that nevermore will gleam,
The broken hope, the vanished dream,—
All these come thronging through the brain,
Till, half with joy and half with pain,
Our souls break loose from common things,
And soar aloft on angel wings;
Out of the tumult and the glare,
The fretful strife, the feverish care,
To that great life of peace and grace
That waits the suffering human race;
That larger life than sight or sound,
Wherewith great Nature folds us round.—
This is the magic, this the power,
That thrills and crowns the festal hour!

II

'Tis summer, and the moon is bright,
And perfect gladness rules the night,
And through our rapture, gracious, free,
A silver voice, across the sea,
In tender accents whispers sweet,—
'Be kind to him whom now you greet!
At England's fireside altar-stone
His fame is prized, his virtue known;
To England's heart his name is dear;

To him she gives her smile, her tear;
She loves him for his rosy mirth;
She loves him for his manly worth;
She knows him bright as morning dew;
She knows him faithful, tender, true;
Her hope comes with him o'er the deep,
With him to smile, with him to weep.
Ah, give him friendship that endures,
And take him from her heart to yours!'

III

That voice is heard. By deed and cheer,
We give him loyal welcome here!
In Art's fair garden, where we stand,
We take him by the strong right hand;
In Friendship's cup the pledge we drain,
And bind him fast in Friendship's chain.
Honor the man, whate'er his stage,
Who wields the arts to cheer the age!

IV

Ah, comrades, if I could but say,
To point and close this humble lay,
What other voices float to me,
Across another, darker sea,
What words of cheer are wafted through
My fancy's realm, to him and you,—
A music then indeed might flow,
Should make your hearts and pulses glow!
For then would ring out, rich and deep,

The royal tones of some who sleep,—
The brilliant and the wise, too soon
Snatched from our side, in manhood's noon,
Ere genius half her vigil kept,
For whom our hearts and morning wept:
And these a welcome, without stint,—
My feeble words can only hint,—
Should give this friend and comrade, come
So far from kindred and from home.
But, this denied, I prattle on,—
The echo, when the music's gone;
With yet the hope that words well-meant
May find a grace for good intent,
With you, companions, tried and dear,
With him, the guest that's honored here.
Nor will I think he views with scorn
These rhymes of welcome, lowly born;
These wild-wood roses, faint but sweet,—
In kindness scattered at his feet.

THE HARBINGER

I

Ordained to work the heavenly will,
Comes a bright angel, sent from far;
And Nature feels another thrill,
And Love has lit another star.

II

Earth was more beautiful because of him.
Wild flowers were born;
And limpid, bickering brooks,
The poet's earliest books,
Spoke of a new delight
Unto the morn:
And, in the fragrant night,—
When fairies, sporting underneath the moon,
In airy glee
And revelry,
Make the wide darkness beautifully bright,
Like brightest noonday in the heart of June,—
Every billow laughed, and after

Seemed to chase its nimble laughter;
Till spent,
With emulous merriment,
It sunk to sleep in some secluded, cool,
And black and lucent pool.

III

On meadows starred with daisies
The wild bee swooned, in mazes
Of witching odor, richer far
Than spikenard, rose, and jasmine are.
All natural objects seemed to catch a rare and precious gleam.
Unknowing why, the happy birds
Trilled out their hearts in seeming joyous words,
All indistinct, though sweet, to mortal ears;
Such as a poet hears,
With joy and yet with tears,
In some ethereal reverie, half vision and half dream.
Through breezy tree-tops jocund voices thrilled,
And, deep in slumberous caverns of the ocean,
Wild echo heard, and with an airy motion
Tossed back the greeting of a heart o'erfilled
With gladness, and that speaks it o'er and o'er,
Till bliss can say no more.
The waves that whispered on the listening sands
Told the glad tidings unto many lands,
And the stars heard, and from their wandering isles
Dropt down the blessing of their golden smiles.

IV

Touched by the lightning of the Maker's eyes
He spake in prophecies,
Interpreting the earth, the sea, the skies—
All that in Nature is of mystery,
And that in man is dark,
All that the perfect future is to be,
When quenched our mortal spark,
And souls imprisoned are at last set free:
Backward he gazed, across the eternal sea,
And on the ever-lessening shores of time
Saw ghosts of ruined empires wandering slow.
Then, onward looking, saw the radiant bow
Of promise shining o'er a heavenly clime;
And thus he knew of life its mystic truth,—
Hope, with perpetual youth,
And that wherein all doubt and trouble cease,
Sweet child of patience, peace.

V

And now came Death, a gentle, welcome guest,
And touched his hand and led him into rest.
Time paid its tribute to eternity—
A great soul, ripe for the immortal day—
And earth embraced his ashes. Cold their bed,
For now the agéd year was also dead.
The winter wind shrieked loud, with hoarse alarms,
The keen stars shivered in the midnight air,

And the bare trees stretched forth their stiffened arms
To the wan sky, in pale and speechless prayer.

VI

Speak softly here, and softly tread,
For all the place is holy ground,
Where Nature's love enshrines her dead,
And earth with blessing folds them round.

He rests at last: the world far-off
May riot in her mad excess,
But now her plaudit and her scoff
To him alike are nothingness.

He learned in depths where virtue fell,
The heights to which the soul may rise:
He sounded the abyss of hell,
He scaled the walls of paradise.

What else? Till every wandering star
In heaven's blue vault be cold and dim,
Our faithful spirits, following far,
Walk in the light that falls from him.

COMRADES

I

At morning, when the march began,
And Hope's strong eagle waved her wing,
Through banks of flowers the pathway ran,
Beneath the silver skies of spring.

We heard the mountain torrents call,
Far up among the peaks of snow;
Our happy laughter rang through all
The peaceful valleys spread below.

Our hearts were glad, our faces gay,
We trod the slopes with careless glee,
And through the hill-gaps, far away,
Hailed the blue splendor of the sea.

We knew no peril, felt no fear,
Nor thought how swift the moments pass:
The sighing pines we did not hear,
Nor our own footsteps on the grass.

But day wears on, and night is near,
Gray banners mingle with the gold,
Our ranks are thin, our faces drear,
The sky is dark, the wind is cold;

We hear the moaning of the waves
  Of that great sea to which we tend;
Our thoughts are in the wayside graves,
  And on the solemn journey's end.

No more in vain the pine-trees sigh,
  Full well their mournful note is known;
No footsteps pass unheeded by,
  No more unheeded fall our own.

No more we hear the joyous cries
  Reëchoed back from vale and hill;
The light has faded from our eyes,
  The music of our youth is still.

II

Not all unlearn'd in sorrow's lore,
  My spirit, pensive, dwells apart,
And hears and heeds for evermore
  The dead leaves rustling in the heart.

Yet kindly fortune gives me grace,
  Through good and ill, through toil and pain,
To hold in ever fond embrace
  The cherished comrades that remain!

He, dearly prized, whose gracious fame
  Is goodness bright, beyond eclipse;
He, tried and true, whose honored name
  Is in your hearts as on your lips;—

He shall not, in this royal hour,
  Lack words of mine, my faith to prove;
And, though they be not words of power,
  They shall be words of constant love.

His the light-hearted, cheery mirth,
  The snow-white bloom of blameless days,
Wisdom and grace and manly worth,
  An honest mind and simple ways.

His the pure thought, the spirit sweet,
  The wild-wood charm of graceful art,
The sadness and the joy that meet
  In Nature's own benignant heart.

Him fortune never taught to fawn;
  Want never sued to him in vain:
The word is spoken and is gone,
  The gentle thought and act remain.

On wings of deeds the soul must mount!
  When we are summoned from afar,
Ourselves, and not our words, will count,—
  Not what we said, but what we are!

Ah, be it mine, or soon or late,
  In that great day, in that bright land,
With him, as now, to take my fate,
  Heart answering heart, hand clasped in hand!

POE

Cold is the pæan honor sings,
  And chill is glory's icy breath,
And pale the garland memory brings,
  To grace the iron doors of death.

Fame's echoing thunder, long and loud,
  The pomp of pride that decks the pall,
The plaudit of the vacant crowd,—
  One word of love is worth them all!

With dew of grief our eyes are dim:
  Ah, let the tear of sorrow start;
And honor, in ourselves and him,
  The great and tender human heart!

Through many a night of want and woe
  His frenzied spirit wandered wild,
Till kind disaster laid him low,
  And love reclaimed its wayward child.

Through many a year his fame has grown,—
  Like midnight, vast; like starlight, sweet;
Till now his genius fills a throne,
  And homage makes his realm complete.

One meed of justice, long delayed,
  One garland yet his sorrows crave!
Ah, take, thou melancholy shade,
  The love that sanctifies the grave.

And may thy spirit, hovering nigh,
  Pierce the dense cloud of darkness through,
And know, with fame that cannot die,
  Thou hast the world's compassion, too!

NATURE

The bard of Rydal Mount spake well—
  But Nature for herself speaks, too;
Nor any secret had to tell
  To him, that's hid from me and you.
For us she gems the sapphire sky;
  For us her mountains cleave the air;
And he that sees with Nature's eye
  Sees everything that's good and fair.

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

Bright on the sparkling sod to-day
The youthful summer gleams;
The roses in the south wind play,
The slumberous woodland dreams:
In golden light, 'neath clouds of fleece,
'Mid bird-songs wild and free,
The blue Potomac flows in peace,
Down to the peaceful sea.

No echo from the stormy past
Alarms the placid vale,—
Nor cannon roar, nor trumpet blast,
Nor shattered soldier's wail:
There's nothing left to mark the strife,
The triumph or the pain,
Where Nature to her general life
Takes back our lives again.

Yet, in your vision, evermore,
Beneath affrighted skies,
With crash of sound, with reek of gore,
The martial pageants rise:
Audacious banners rend the air,
Dark steeds of battle neigh,
And frantic through the sulphurous glare
Raves on the crimson fray!

Not time, nor chance, nor change can drown
  Your memories proud and high,
Nor pluck your star of conquest down
  From glory's deathless sky!
For evermore your fame shall bide—
  Your valor tried and true;
And that which makes your country's pride
  May well be pride to you!

Forever in the soldier's thought
  The soldier's life returns,—
Or where the trampled fields are fought,
  Or where the camp-fire burns.
For him the pomp of morning brings
  A thrill none else can know;
For him night waves her sable wings
  O'er many a nameless woe.

How often, face to face with death,
  In stern suspense he stood,
While Nature seem'd to hold its breath
  Within the ambushed wood!
Again he sees the silent hills,
  With danger's menace grim;
And, darkly, all the shuddering rills
  Run red with blood for him.

For him the cruel sun of noon
  Glares on a bristling plain;
For him the cold, disdainful moon
  Lights meadows rough with slain:

There's death in every sight he sees,
In every sound he hears;
And sunset hush and evening breeze
Are sad with prisoned tears.

Again, worn out in fevered march,
He sinks beside the track;
Again, beneath night's lonely arch,
His dreams of home come back;
In morning wind the roses shake
Around his cottage door,
And little feet of children make
Their music on the floor.

The tones that nevermore on earth
Can bid his pulses leap
Ring out again, in careless mirth,
Across the vales of sleep;
And where, in horrent splendor, roll
The waves of vict'ry's tide,
The chosen comrades of his soul
Are glorious at his side!

Forget! the arm may lose its might,
The tired heart beat low,
The sun from heaven blot out his light,
The west wind cease to blow;
But, while one spark of life is warm
Within this mould of clay,
His soul will revel in the storm
Of that tremendous day!

On mountain slope, in lonely glen,
By Fate's divine command,
The blood of those devoted men
Has sanctified the land!
The funeral moss—but not in grief—
Waves o'er their hallowed rest;
For not in grief the laurel leaf
Drops on the hero's breast!

Tears for the slave, when Heaven's gift
Of all that man can be
Wastes, like the shattered spars that drift
Upon the unknown sea!
Tears when the craven sinks at last,—
No deed of valor done;
But no tears for the soul that past
When honor's fight was won!

He takes the hand of heavenly fate,
Who lives and dies for truth!
For him the holy angels wait,
In realms of endless youth!
The grass upon his grave is green
With everlasting bloom;
And love and blessing make the sheen
Of glory round his tomb!

Mourn not for them, beloved and gone,
The cause they died to save
Rears its eternal corner-stone
Upon the martyr's grave,

Where, safe from every ill, they pass
To slumber sweet and low,
'Neath requiems of the murmuring grass
And dirges of the snow.

That sunset wafts its holiest kiss
Through evening's gathering shades;
That beauty breaks the heart with bliss
The hour before it fades;
That music seems to merge with heaven
Just when its echo dies,
Is Nature's sacred promise given
Of life beyond the skies!

Mourn not! in life and death they teach
This thought, this truth, sublime:
There's no man free, except he reach
Beyond the verge of time!
So, beckoning up the starry slope,
They bid our souls to live,
And, flooding all the world with hope,
Have taught us to forgive.

No soldier spurns a fallen foe!
No hate of humankind
Can darken down the generous glow
That fires the patriot mind!
But love shall make the vanquished strong,
And justice lift the ban,
Where right no more can bend to wrong,
Nor man be slave to man!

So from their silent graves they speak;
  So speaks that silent scene,—
Where now the violet blossoms meek,
  And all the fields are green.
There wood and stream and flower and bird
  A pure content declare;
And where the voice of war was heard
  Is heard the voice of prayer:

Once more in brother-like accord
  Our alien'd hearts unite;
And clasp, across the broken sword,
  The hands that used to smite!
And since beside Potomac's wave
  There's nothing left but peace,
Be filled at last the open grave,
  And let the sorrow cease!

Sweet from the pitying northern pines
  Their loving whisper flows;
And sweetly, where the orange shines,
  The palm-tree woos the rose:
Ah, let that tender music run
  O'er all the years to be;
And Thy great blessing make us one,—
  And make us one with Thee!

AFTER ALL

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his agéd breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper,—
'The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee.'. . .

The violets star the meadows,
  The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
  The pink-white blossoms pour

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
  The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
  And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
  By the cold hearth sits, alone;
And the old clock in the corner
  Ticks on with a steady drone.

NO MORE

They walked beside the summer sea
And watched the slowly dying sun;
And 'Oh,' she said, 'come back to me,
My love, my own, my only one!'
But, while he kissed her fears away,
The gentle waters kissed the shore,
And, sadly whispering, seemed to say,
'He'll come no more! he'll come no more!'

Alone beside the autumn sea
She watched the sombre death of day;
And 'Oh,' she said, 'remember me,
And love me, darling, far away!'
A cold wind swept the wat'ry gloom,
And, darkly whispering on the shore,
Sighed out the secret of his doom,—
'He'll come no more! he'll come no more!'

In peace beside the winter sea
A white grave glimmers to the moon;
And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
And one upon the lonely shore;
But, joined in love, beyond the grave,
They part no more! they part no more!

EDELWEISS

WHERE, pure and pale, the starlight streams
  Far down the Alpine slope,
Still through eternal winter gleams
  The stainless flower of hope!
Undimmed by cloud, undrenched by tears,
  So may thy laurel last,—
While shines o'er all thy future years
  The rainbow of the past!

Far, far from thee the mournful hour
  That brings the final call,
And o'er thy scenes of grace and power
  Fate lets the curtain fall!
And oh, when sounds that knell of worth,
  To thy pure soul be given
A painless exit from the earth,
  And entrance into heaven!

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

No eyes can see man's destiny completed
  Save His, who made and knows th' eternal plan:
As shapes of clouds in mountains are repeated,
  So thoughts of God accomplished are in man

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended;
  Here the sweet heavens their sweetest boon let fall;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
  The life that knew, and felt, and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
  That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
  Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever
  The streams dash onward and the great winds blow,
There comes no new thing in the world, and never
  A voice like his, that seems to make it so.

Take, then, thy fate, or opulent or sordid,
  Take it and bear it and esteem it blest;
For of all crowns that ever were awarded,
  The crown of simple patience is the best.

A PLEDGE

From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
On the wind that is heavy with roses,
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystical ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of night—
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right!

They loved, as we love—yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Staring up to the pitiless skies;
Left the tumult of youth, the rich guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from fate;
Gave all for the agonized burden
Of death, for the Flag and the State.

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain
That only by angels is trod;
Where they muse by the crystalline fountain,—
The mystical, effluent God,
Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?
Do they never look back and regret?—
Ah, the valiant are constant and tender,
And honor can never forget!

Divine in their pitying sadness
  They grieve for their comrades of earth;
They will hear us, and start into gladness,
  And echo the notes of our mirth;
They will lift their white hands with a blessing
  We shall know by the tear that it brings—
The rapture of friendship confessing,
  With harps and the waving of wings.

In the grim and relentless upheaval
  That blesses the world through a curse,—
Still bringing the good out of evil,
  The garland of peace on the hearse!—
They were shattered, consumed, and forsaken,
  Like the shadows that fly from the dawn:
We may never know why they were taken,
  But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
  No longer is solemn with knells,
But lovely with flowers and fairies,
  And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells;
If virtue, in cottage and palace,
  Leads love to the bridal of pride,
'Tis because out of war's bitter chalice
  Our heroes drank deeply—and died.

Ah, grander in doom-stricken glory
  Than the greatest that linger behind,
They shall live in perpetual story,
  Who saved the best hope of mankind!

For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night;
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it:
To the freedom of planet and star;
Let the tempests of ocean enwreathe it;
Let the winds of the night bear it far,—
Our oath, that, till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are sped,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead!

THE PASSING BELL

Sweet bell of Stratford, tolling slow,
In summer gloaming's golden glow,
I hear and feel thy voice divine,
And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so
My Shakespeare heard thee, long ago,
When lone by Avon's pensive stream
He wandered in his haunted dream:

Heard thee,—and far his fancy sped
Through spectral caverns of the dead,
And strove, and strove in vain, to pierce
The secret of the universe.

As now thou mournest didst thou mourn
On that sad day when he was borne
Through the green aisle of honied limes,
To rest beneath the chamber'd chimes.

He heard thee not, nor cared to hear!
Another voice was in his ear,
And, freed from all the bonds of men,
He knew the awful secret then.

Sweet bell of Stratford, toll, and be
A sacred promise unto me
Of that great hour when I shall know
The path whereon his footsteps go.

CONSTANCE

With diamond dew the grass was wet,—
'Twas in the spring and gentlest weather,—
And all the birds of morning met,
And carolled in her heart together.

The wind blew softly o'er the land,
And softly kissed the joyous ocean:
He walked beside her on the sand,
And won a faithful heart's devotion.

The thistledown was in the breeze,
With birds of passage homeward flying:
His fortune lured him o'er the seas,
And on the shore he left her, sighing.

She saw his barque glide down the bay,
Through tears and fears she could not banish:
She saw his white sails melt away—
She saw them fade, she saw them vanish.

And 'Go,' she said, 'for winds are fair,
And love and blessing round you hover;
When you sail backward through the air,
Then I will trust the word of lover.'

Still ebbed, still flowed, the tide of years,
Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses,
And many smiles were turned to tears,
And sombre morns to radiant closes.

And many ships came sailing by,
With many a golden promise freighted;
But nevermore, from sea or sky,
Came love, to bless her heart that waited.

Yet on, by tender patience led,
Her sacred footsteps walked, unbidden,
Wherever sorrow bows its head,
Or want, and care, and shame are hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,
And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the chancel air
And seemed to hear the organ pealing.

Till once, at shut of autumn day,
In marble chill she paused and harkened,
With startled gaze where far away
The wastes of sky and ocean darkened.

There, for a moment, faint and wan,
High up in air and landward striving,
Stern-fore a spectral barque came on,
Across the purple sunset driving.

Then something out of night she knew,
Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,
And, peacefully as falls the dew,
Her long and lonely vigil ended.

The violet and the bramble-rose
Make glad the grass that dreams above her;
And, freed from time and all its woes,
She trusts again the word of lover.

A PICTURE

The lonesome road winds down the mountain side;
The dark pines, dreaming, sigh, on either hand;
Through the dim vale below thin streamlets glide,
Where twinkling cots in peaceful hamlets stand:
The smile of sunset warms this lovely land,
The fragrant breeze of evening whispers low,
And, fugitive, in lurid masses grand,
The purple sunset banners flash and glow,
As if in some vast rout and monarch's overthrow.

HOLMES

If that glad song had ebbed away,
Which, rippling on through smiles and tears,
Has bathed with showers of diamond spray
The rosy fields of seventy years,—
If that sweet voice were hushed to-day,
What should we say?

At first we thought him but a jest,
A ray of laughter, quick to fade;
We did not dream how richly blest
In his pure life our lives were made,
Till soon the aureole shone, confest,
Upon his crest.

When violets fade the roses blow;
When laughter dies the passions wake:
His royal song that slept below,
Like Arthur's sword beneath the lake,
Long since has flashed its fiery glow
O'er all we know.

That song has poured its sacred light
On crimson flags in freedom's van,
And blessed their serried ranks who fight
Life's battle here for truth and man,—
An oriflamme, to cheer the right,
Through darkest night!

That song has flecked with rosy gold
  The sails that fade o'er fancy's sea;
Relumed the storied days of old;
  Presaged the glorious life to be;
And many a sorrowing heart consoled
    In grief untold.

When, shattered on the loftiest steep
  The statesman's glory ever found,
That heart, so like the boundless deep,
  Broke, in the deep no heart can bound,
How did his dirge of sorrow weep
    O'er WEBSTER'S sleep!

How sweetly did his spirit pour
  The strains that make the tear-drops start,
When, on the bleak New England shore,
  With Tara's harp and Erin's heart,
He thrilled us to the bosom's core
    With thoughts of MOORE!

The shamrock, green on Liffey's side,
  The lichen 'neath New England snows,
White daisies of the fields of Clyde,
  Twined ardent round old Albion's rose,
Bloom in his verse, as blooms the bride,
    With love and pride.

The silken tress, the mantling wine,
  Red roses, summer's whispering leaves,

The lips that kiss, the hands that twine,
  The heart that loves, the heart that grieves,—
They all have found a deathless shrine
    In his rich line!

Ah well, that voice can charm us yet,
  And still that shining tide of song,
Beneath a sun not soon to set,
  In golden music flows along.
With dew of joy our eyes are wet—
    Not of regret.

For still, as comes the festal day,
  In many a temple, far and near,
The words that all have longed to say,
  The words that all are proud to hear,
Fall from his lips, with conquering sway,
    Or grave or gay.

No moment this for passion's heat,
  Nor mine the voice to give it scope,
When love, and fame, and beauty meet
  To crown their Memory and their Hope!
I cast white lilies, cool and sweet,
    Here at his feet.

True bard, true soul, true man, true friend!
  Ah, gently on that reverend head
Ye snows of wintry age descend,
  Ye shades of mortal night be shed!
Peace guide and guard him to the end,
    And love defend!

A LOTOS FLOWER

Though still the heart of twilight grieves,
As evening sun sinks low,
And sad winds stir the fallen leaves
With airs of long ago,
No shadow grim can ever dim
The glory of this hour,
When thus the blazing hearth we trim
Beneath the Lotos flower.

Old time may quench illusion's light,
And dreams of youth depart,
But neither time nor truth can blight
The sunshine of the heart,—
That gentle light of pure content,
Our sober manhood's dower,
Sweet peace and calm affection, blent
Beneath the Lotos flower.

In that dusk land of mystic dream
Where dark Osiris sprung,
It bloomed beside his sacred stream,
While yet the world was young;
And every secret Nature told,
Of golden wisdom's power,
Is nestled still in every fold
Within the Lotos flower.

Here let our weary burdens fall,
And passion's longing cease:
The gods of life have given all,
When once they give us peace!
Black care shall vanish in a laugh,
Forgot be beauty's bower,
When now the loving cup we quaff
Beneath the Lotos flower!

UP OR DOWN?

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup,
But summon all your native grit
And boldly drink it *up:*
Or if on this constructive act
The sage grammarian frown,
Hold fast to the substantial fact
And blithely drink it *down.*
For naught to him can signify
What Lindley Murray thinks it,
Who, having wine, and being dry,
Incontinently drinks it.

THE MERRY MONARCH

It comes into my mind, in a genial mood,
When the worlds of my being, without and within,
Are pensively happy, in all that is good,—
Unclouded by care and untempted by sin,—
If the gods would but grant me my dearest desire,
As sometimes I think they are willing to do,
That I shouldn't sit here, looking into the fire,
And dreaming, my love, as I'm dreaming of you.

Nor should I be thinking, as sometimes I am,—
If the gods had but made me the thing I would be,—
That a station of rank, in a world full of sham,
Were a pleasant and suitable station for me.
Nor would ever a fancy drift into my brain
For the laurel that bards are so wishful to wear,—
That dubious guerdon for labor and pain,
That sorry exchange for the natural hair.

No! I never should care, if I had my own way,
For the storm or the sunshine, the yes or the no;
But, merrily careless and perfectly gay,
I could let the world go as it wanted to go:
I should ask neither riches, nor station, nor power;
They are chances, they happen, and there is an end;
But a heart that beats happily every hour
Is a god's richest gift, is a man's truest friend.

And that's what I'd have! For that blessing I pray!
A spirit so gentle and cheery and bright,
It would gladden with sunshine the sunniest day,
And with magical splendor illumine the night.
I could envy no potentate under the sun,
However sublime might that potentate be!
For I'd live, the illustrious monarch of fun,
And the rest of the world should be happy with me.

I'd be gold in the sunshine and silver in showers;
I'd be rainbows, and clouds all of purple and pearl;
And the fairies of fun should laugh out of the flowers,
And the jolly old earth should be all in a whirl!
The brooks should trill music, the leaves dance in glee,
And old ocean should bellow with surly delight:
O, but wouldn't it be a rare pageant to see,
If the gods did but grant me my kingdom to-night!

And I think it will come,—that enthronement of mine,
That crown with the opals of jollity set;
And the joy in my soul will be almost divine
When I finally teach myself how to forget;
Forget every trouble in which I've a part,
All the dreams that allure and the hopes that betray;
Contented to wait with a right merry heart
For silence and night and the end of the play.

THE SIGNAL LIGHT

The lonely sailor, when the night
  O'er ocean's glimmering waste descends,
Sets at the peak his signal light,
  And fondly dreams of absent friends.

Starless the sky above him broods,
  Pathless the waves beneath him swell;
Through peril's spectral solitudes
  That beacon flares, and all is well.

So, on the wandering sea of years,
  When now the evening closes round,
I show the signal flame that cheers,
  And scan the wide horizon's bound.

The night is dark, the winds are loud,
  The black waves follow, fast and far;
Yet soon may flash, through mist and cloud,
  The radiance of some answering star.

Haply across the shuddering deep,
  One moment seen, a snowy sail
May dart with one impetuous leap,
  And pass with one exultant hail:

And I shall dearly, sweetly know,
Though storm be fierce and ocean drear,
That somewhere still the roses blow,
And hearts are true, and friends are near.

Each separate on the eternal main,
We seek the same celestial shore:
Sometimes we part to meet again,
Sometimes we part to meet no more.

Ah, comrades, prize the gracious day
When sunshine bathes the tranquil tide,
And, careless as a child at play,
Our ships drift onward, side by side!

Too oft, with cold and barren will,
And stony pride of iron sway,
We bid the voice of love be still,
And thrust the cup of joy away.

No comfort haunts the yellow leaf!
Wait not till, broken, old, and sere,
The sad heart pines, in hopeless grief,
For one sweet voice it used to hear.

Thought has its throne, and power its glow,
And wealth will bless, and beauty please;
But the best hours that life can know
Are rose-crowned hours of mirth and ease.

Let laughter leap from every lip!
To music turn the perfumed air!
Ye golden pennons, glance and dip!
Ye crimson banners, flash and flare!

On them no more the tempest glooms
Whose freed and royal spirits know
To frolic where the lilac blooms,
And revel where the roses blow!

But, lights of heaven above them kiss,
As over silver seas they glide,—
One heart, one hope, one fate, one bliss,—
To peace and silence, side by side.

LOVE UNTOLD

Love never dies, that harbors in a jest!
Love never lives, that only words can tell!
And so light looks and smiles are ever best,—
Since love that speaks must only say Farewell!

AT ARLINGTON

I

If this were all, if lost with those that perished,—
  O'er whom these winds of summer softly sigh,—
Our hopes were buried with the hearts we cherished,
  And life were nothing but to toil and die;

What sadder scene than this that blooms before us,
  With Nature's garlands decked, could earth display?
What mockery were this heaven that's bending o'er us,
  Glad with the sunshine of the glittering May!

But here, where late with naked branches striving,—
  Wet with the icy tears of wintry grief,—
Across this lonely field of sorrow driving
  The angry tempest whirled the withered leaf;

Now swings the pendant bloom, now opening roses
  Woo the soft zephyrs with their balmy breath;
Boughs wave, birds sing, and silver mist reposes,
  In bliss, above these emerald waves of death.

And sure the Power, that out of desolation
Can thus the arid wastes of earth relume,
Ne'er meant the crown of all its vast creation
One hour of woe, and then the eternal tomb!

But, were this all,—were hope with being ended,
In these dark cells that shrine our sacred dead,
Were all our prayers and tears in vain expended,
Our passion, labor, faith forever sped;

Who would not yet,—all selfish impulse spurning,—
Live for mankind, and triumph with the just!
Who, from the field of honor backward turning,
Would trail a sullied ensign in the dust!

Though fate were cruel, human will undaunted,
Supreme o'er torture, regnant over time,
Can spurn the bitterest foe that ever vaunted
This mortal frailty which were Nature's crime!

It may be,—every generous trust forbidden,—
That, while these beauteous orbs of ruin roll,
From the dark sleep in which the dead are hidden
A flower can wake, but not the human soul:

Yet, sweet is every love and every longing;
Yet shines the dream of heaven in childhood's eyes;
And troops of angel phantoms still come thronging
To fancy's vision, in the twilight skies:

Yet stirs the heart with nameless, vague emotion,
When moonlight sleeps upon the summer sea;
Yet forest depths and lonely wastes of ocean
And mountain voices set the spirit free:

And, borne on wings of glorious endeavor,
Man yet can soar above his baser clay,—
Throned in high deeds, forever and forever,
That cannot die, and will not pass away!

II

High were their deeds, o'er whom our hearts are weeping!
Safe bides their fame, in all men's love and praise
Hallowed the mould in which their dust is sleeping,
And sweet the memory that has crowned their days!

Ah, once for them young Hope unveiled her splendor!
Ah, once for them time ran in golden sands!
They knew affection's accents, soft and tender,
They felt the touch of loving lips and hands.

They saw the awful face of sovereign beauty;
White arms of proud ambition lured them on;
But in their hearts breathed low the voice of duty,—
They heard it, and they answered: they are gone.

The midnight wind was cold upon their faces,—
Pale in the silence of the crimson sod;
But who shall paint through what resplendent spaces
Their souls sprang upward to the light of God!

No more, for them, in summer twilight's glimmer,
Shall distant music smite the chords of pain:
No more, as evening shades grow slowly dimmer,
Shall wandering fragrance pierce the tortured brain.

No more of lingering doubt, nor stern denial,
Nor baffled toil, nor slow, embittering strife,—
But now, at once, the crown of earthly trial,
The long, long summer of eternal life!

Calm-fronted, staunch, expectant, and unshaken,
Who dares the worst that any fate can bring,—
For him, by iron purpose ne'er forsaken,
The grave no victory has, and death no sting;

We can but serve: some, by the instant giving
Of all that hand could do or heart could prize!
Some, by a meek, laborious, patient living,
A daily toil, an hourly sacrifice.

We falter on, now hoping, now despairing,
And hour by hour drag out life's little span:
They passed, in one tremendous deed of daring,—
They lived for honor, and they died for man!

Pile thick the amaranth and the myrtle o'er them,—
For whom our laurell'd banners flash and flow,—
Roses that love, and pansies that deplore them,
And lilies, weeping from their hearts of snow.

Breathe low, ye murmuring pines, ye whispering grasses!
Ye dews of summer night fall softly here!
Be sorrow's sigh in every breeze that passes,
And every rain-drop be a mourner's tear!

And O, ye stars, ye holy lights that cumber
The deep of heaven, pour benedictions down!
Shed your sweet incense on this sacred slumber—
Bright as our love, and pure as their renown!

Breathe our farewell! ah, very gently breathe it,—
Like ocean's murmur in the coral shell,
And tender as the sea-flowers that enwreathe it,—
For ever and for evermore, Farewell!

AT ANCHOR

While pale with rage the wild surf springs
  Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings
  Beneath the evening star:
In this calm haven, rocked to sleep,
  All night they swing and sway,
Till mantles o'er the morning deep
  The golden blush of day.

Here, safe from every storm of fate,
  From worldly strife and scorn,
Thus let me fold my hands, and wait
  The coming of the morn;
While all night long, o'er moonlit turf,
  The wind brings in from far
The moaning of the baffled surf
  Athwart the harbor bar.

EDWIN BOOTH

His barque will fade, in mist and night,
  Across the dim sea-line,
And coldly on our aching sight
  The solemn stars will shine,—
All, all in mournful silence, save
  For ocean's distant roar—
Heard where the slow, regretful wave
  Sobs on the lonely shore.

But, O, while, winged with love and prayer,
  Our thoughts pursue his track,
What glorious sights the midnight air
  Will proudly waft us back!
What golden words will flutter down
  From many a peak of fame!
What glittering shapes of old renown
  That cluster round his name!

O'er storied Denmark's haunted ground
  Will darkly drift again,
Dream-like and vague, without a sound,
  The spectre of the Dane;
And breaking hearts will be the wreath
  For grief that knows no tear,
When shine on Cornwall's storm-swept heath
  The blazing eyes of Lear.

Slow, 'mid the portents of the storm
  And fate's avenging powers,
Will moody Richard's haggard form
  Pace through the twilight hours;
And wildly hurtling o'er the sky
  The red star of Macbeth,—
Torn from the central arch on high,—
  Go down in dusty death!

But,—best of all! will softly rise
  His form of manly grace,—
The noble brow, the honest eyes,
  The sweetly patient face,
The loving heart, the stately mind
  That, conquering every ill,
Through seas of trouble cast behind,
  Was grandly steadfast still!

Though skies might gloom and tempest rave,
  Though friends and hopes might fall,
His constant spirit, simply brave,
  Would meet and suffer all;
Would calmly smile at fortune's frown,
  Supreme o'er gain or loss;
And he the worthiest wears the crown
  That gently bore the cross!

Be blithe and bright, thou jocund day
  That golden England knows!
Bloom sweetly round the wanderer's way,
  Thou royal English rose!

And English hearts [no need to tell
  How truth itself endures!]
This soul of manhood treasure well,
  Our love commits to yours!

Farewell! nor mist, nor flying cloud,
  Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honors, pure and proud,
  Our hearts have twined for him!
But bells of memory still shall chime,
  And violets star the sod,
Till our last broken wave of time
  Dies on the shores of God.

FIDELE

And O, to think the sun can shine,
The birds can sing, the flowers can bloom,
And she, whose soul was all divine,
Be darkly mouldering in the tomb:

That o'er her head the night wind sighs,
And the sad cypress droops and moans;
That night has veiled her glorious eyes,
And silence hushed her heavenly tones:

That those sweet lips no more can smile,
Nor pity's tender shadows chase,
With many a gentle, child-like wile,
The rippling laughter o'er her face:

That dust is on the burnished gold
That floated round her royal head;
That her great heart is dead and cold,
Her form of fire and beauty dead!

Roll on, gray earth and shining star,
And coldly mock our dreams of bliss:
There is no glory left to mar,
Nor any grief so black as this!

REGRET

Of vain regret the heaviest yoke,
  Whene'er we think upon our dead,
Is memory that we never spoke
  The word of love we might have said;
That never once, in all the days
  When Fate was hard and life was drear,
We thought to sound the note of praise,
  Or speak the word of hope and cheer.

NEVER

The sere leaves rustle in the moaning blast,
The dreary rain is pattering on the roof,
Sad bells, far off, toll through the twilight hours—
  And I shall never see thy face again!

The shadows deepen, but there comes no dawn;
And through the dark I hear the rustling robe
Of the grim angel that has veiled my eyes—
  Never to see thy glorious face again!

ACROSS THE PALL

Now she lies here, dead before you,
  Motionless and gray as stone;
Now the cruel grief broods o'er you,
  Stricken, agonized, and lone;
Now that passion's dream is past,
Well it is we meet at last!

Ay, you loved her, loved her truly,
  With the utmost faith of man;
Sacrificing all things duly,
  As a noble lover can!
And she made you,—what I see;
What 'tis well that you can be.

Loved her! Virtue, truth, and honor,
  Sense, and manhood,—what are they?
Stand up here and look upon her!
  'Tis a pretty piece of clay.
Others, quite as fond and true,
Loved her, quite as well as you.

So I pity you, poor dreamer
  (Dreams, the longest, are not long),

And I would not make it seem her
  Guilt, that e'er she did me wrong.
She was heavenly,—cloud and star,—
She was what the angels are.

Hope and wait; and when you meet her,
  With them, in the Eden plain,
Clasp her to your soul and greet her
  With a word of noble pain.
Tell her, in yon starry cope,
That I taught you how to hope.

Time and tide flow on forever;
  Pleasure's ghost is always pain;
Life is fevered with endeavor,
  Sad with loss and sweet with gain;
But there is no certain bliss
In this world for only this.

Look up bravely where, forgiven,
  Erring hearts repentant rest:
Only love and trust find heaven!
  Still the faithful are the blest:
Faithful love, that ransoms you,
Well may save your idol, too.

But for me there is no morrow,
  Crown of love nor crown of fame:
I must tread a mighty sorrow
  In the mire of sensual shame.

Down I grovel on the earth,
Wasting toward a brutish birth.

'Tis a world of commonplaces,
  Empty hearts and shallow brains,
Flaunting fools with specious faces,
  Black desires and crimson stains:
When I found that heart untrue,
Love itself was falsehood, too.

Always round us are the curses,
  And the long, tumultuous roar:
We are jostled in our hearses,
  Even as we were before.
They alone escape the strife
Who attain the spirit's life.

Hope, I say, till you receive her;
  Hope,—for we are only men.
Lay her in the grave, and leave her
  Just your heart, to keep till then.
Take my blessing—for I know
All your love and all your woe.

THE OUTCAST

This is the place where he brought her home,
Home,—but not to his heart, I know:
For it cannot be but her memories roam
To the first and the true love, long ago!
Noble, and lovely, and wretched bride,
Doomed, in her gorgeous palace of stone,
Loveless forever, to sit by his side,
And yet be, for ever and ever, alone!

Noble and beautiful spirit of love!
Well, I can wish you were happy,—though
I stand out here, while the stars above
Are as white and cold as the ground below.
I am glad that the splendor is all your own;
I do not desire it—ah, not I!
But am well content, at the foot of your throne,
To sink in the frozen street and die.

Perhaps you would see me, then,—who knows?
Perhaps you would see, in my haggard face,
Whence they have risen,—your subtle woes,
And the something that saddens your stately grace.
Perhaps,—ah me, I am bold, indeed!—
Perhaps you would touch me! Heart and brain!
I am sure it would make the old wound bleed,
If it did not wake me to life again!

Lost,—but I love you, all the same:
'Twas a faithful heart that you threw away:
I can say it now, and with nothing of shame,
For I shall not live to another day.
I can say, though the night of grief was long,
That the light of morning struggles through;
And, lifted out of my sorrow and wrong,
If I cannot live, I can die for you!

A FAREWELL

Long hushed is the harp that his glory had spoken,
Long stilled is the heart that could summon its strain;
Now its chords are all silent, or tuneless, or broken,
What touch can awaken its music again!

Ah, the breeze in the green dells of Erin is blowing!
If not her great bard yet her spirit can flame,
When proud where the waters of Shannon are flowing
Her groves and her temples re-echo his name.

Float softly o'er shamrocks, and blue-bells, and roses,
Blend all their gay tints and their odors in one;
And sweet as the zephyr in twilight that closes
Be the kiss of thy love on the brows of thy son!

Breathe tenderly o'er us, who cluster around him,
In this his glad moment of triumph and pride:
Deep, deep in our souls are the ties that have bound him,
And life will be lone, with his presence denied.

From the arms of the mother, in childhood a rover,
To exile he came, on the wanderer's shore:
To the arms of the mother, his trials all over,
And honored and laurelled, we yield him once more.

Speak low of affection that longs to embrace him,
  Speak loud of the fame that awaits him afar,—
When homage shall hail him, and beauty shall grace him,
  And pomp hang her wreaths on the conqueror's car!

When the shadows of time at his touch fall asunder,
  And heroes and demi-gods leap into light;
When the accents of Brutus ring wild in the thunder,
  And the white locks of Lear toss like sea-foam in night;

When the grief of the Moor, like a tempest that dashes
  On crags in mid-ocean, has died into rest;
When the heart of Virginius breaks, o'er the ashes
  Of her who was sweetest, and purest, and best;

How proudly, how gladly their praise will caress him!
  How brightly the jewels will blaze in his crown!
How the white hands of honor will greet him and bless him
  With lilies and roses of perfect renown!

Ah, grand is the flight of the eagle of morning,
  While the dark world beneath him drifts into the deep;
But cold as the snow-wreaths the mountains adorning
  Is the light that illumines his desolate sweep.

When the trumpets are blown and the standards are streaming,
  And the festal lamps beam on the royal array,
How oft will the heart of the monarch be dreaming
  Of the home and the friends that are far, far away!

There's a pulse in his breast that would always regret us,
It dances in laughter, it trembles in tears;
With the world at his feet, he would never forget us,
And our hearts would be true, through an æon of years!

The cymbals may clash and the gay pennons glisten,
And the clangor of gladness ring jocund and free,
But, calm in the tumult, his spirit will listen
For our whisper of love, floating over the sea:

For the music of tones that were once so endearing,—
Like a wind of the west o'er a prairie of flowers,—
But that never again will resound in his hearing,
Except through the tremulous sadness of ours.

Ah, manly and tender, thy deeds are thy praises!
Speed on in thy grandeur, all peerless and lone,
And greet, in old England, her hawthorns and daisies,—
A spirit as gentle and bright as their own!

Speed on, wheresoever fame's angel may guide thee!
No fancy can dream and no language can tell
What faith and what blessings walk ever beside thee,
Or the depth of our love, as we bid thee Farewell.

THE CHURCHYARD

The lonesome wind of autumn grieves;
The northern lights are seen;
October sheds her changing leaves
Upon the churchyard green,
Where, sitting pensive in the sun,
While fading grasses wave,
I watch the crickets leap and run,
Upon a nameless grave.

There is no sigh of fluttering leaf,
No sob of rustling grass;
The breezes o'er this place of grief
In breathless whisper pass;
Yet, like a murmur in a dream,
Purls on that insect voice,—
That vacant tone, which does not seem
To mourn or to rejoice:

A tone that hath no soothing grace,
A tone that nothing saith,
A tone that's like this solemn place
Of memory, tears, and death,—

It darkens hope, it deepens gloom,
  Black dread and doubt profound,
Turning the silence of the tomb
  To more mysterious sound.

There's night upon the face of fame,
  There's night on beauty's eyes,
Nor pure renown nor glorious shame
  From out their ashes rise:
In vain we seek the shrine of prayer,
  Of Nature ask in vain!
We only know the form that's there
  Can never come again.

Ah, piteous, desolate, and drear
  This dark, mysterious sleep,
O'er which the slowly dying year
  Is all that seems to weep!
Ah, save him, in that bitter day,—
  His heart, his reason save,—
Who hears the crickets chirp, at play,
  Upon his darling's grave!

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

Come with a smile, when come thou must,
  Evangel of the world to be,
And touch and glorify this dust,—
  This shuddering dust, that now is me,—
  And from this prison set me free!

Long in those awful eyes I quail,
  That gaze across the grim profound:
Upon that sea there is no sail,
  Nor any light nor any sound
  From the far shore that girds it round:

Only,—two still and steady rays
  That those twin orbs of doom o'ertop;
Only,—a tranquil, patient gaze
  That drinks my being, drop by drop,
  And bids the pulse of Nature stop.

Come with a smile, auspicious friend,
  To usher in the eternal day!
Of these weak terrors make an end,
  And charm the paltry chains away
  That bind me to this timorous clay!

And let me know my soul akin
  To sunrise, and the winds of morn,
And every grandeur that has been
  Since this refulgent world was born,—
  Nor longer droop in my own scorn!

Come, when the way grows dark and chill!
  Come, when the baffled mind is weak,
And in the heart the voice is still,
  That used in happier days to speak,
  Or only whispers, sadly meek.

Come with thy smile that dims the sun,
  Thy pitying heart and gentle hand,
To waft me, from my vigil done,
  To peace, that waits on thy command,
  In some yet undiscovered land!

LAWRENCE BARRETT

When from his gaze our shores receding
In night and distance drift away,
And, every present joy unheeding,
He turns to muse, and grieve, and pray,
How will regret and memory, meeting,
This brilliant scene bring back to view,
And hear once more your ardent greeting,
And sigh once more his fond adieu!

And we, by sadness made more tender,
As here we knit our broken chain,—
How gladly will affection render
Our gentle tribute once again!
How sweet 'twill be, though joys are thwarted,
And smiles rebuked by sorrow's sigh,
To think, however friends are parted,
At least that friendship cannot die!

His eyes will look on English meadows
Where scarlet poppies smile and dream;
And he will muse where wandering shadows
Drift over Avon's sacred stream;

And, mind and soul in bondage taken,
Will roam those temples strange and vast,
Where every pensive step will waken
The glorious memories of the past.

But we shall hear, in grief beclouded,
Poor Harebell mourn his ruined home;
And see, in night and tempest shrouded,
Grim Cassius pace the stones of Rome;
With grizzled Yorick, frenzy-ridden,
From passion's fevered dream awake;
And feel, with tears that flow unbidden,
The royal heart of Scotland break.

O, Art divine, supreme, undying,—
Not time nor space can e'er subdue!
The seas roll on,—the years are flying,—
Man passes,—thou alone art true!
No cloud can dim their deathless lustre
Whose names thy angel hands enroll,
Nor blight the shining shapes that cluster
In thy panthēon of the soul!

Yet, many a cherished tie is broken,
Across that darkening waste of sea!—
They make no sign, they send no token,
They come not back to love and me.

I know where, deaf to blames and praises,
  In youth and beauty cold and dead,
Rests now beneath old England's daisies
  Her tenderest heart, her loveliest head.

And him we cast the roses after,
  Whose cynic smile was humor's kiss,
Whose magic turned the world to laughter,—
  Where dwells he, in an hour like this?
Ah, let us think, though gone before us,—
  The vanished friends of days no more,—
They watch with fond affection o'er us,
  And bless us from their heavenly shore.

I see the radiant phantoms thronging,
  To clasp him in their guardian thrall!
I bless him, by each noble longing
  That e'er his gentle lips let fall!
By all high thought and pure devotion,
  By towering pine and nestling rose!
Farewell, farewell! on land or ocean—
  God bless him, wheresoe'er he goes!

THE VEILED MUSE

Spirit of Beauty, haunt me not!
  Thou bring'st insufferable pain:
Thou, who art gone, be thou forgot,
  Nor rise to vex my rest again,
Either with memories sadly sweet,
Or hopes foredoomed to dull defeat!

Ah, come no more in rustling leaves,
  Or peaceful grass, or breath of flowers!
Enough this baffled spirit grieves,
  Remembering thee in rosy hours:
Spare it the throbs of hope and fear,—
The cruel sense that thou art near!

The passion dies within my soul;
  The music dies within my brain;
Save when there comes a funeral toll—
  A low, lamenting, sad refrain,
An echo from that shrine of song
Long darkened, and deserted long.

In what was fair I once had part,
  But all fair things are now my shame:
Their nameless beauty hurts my heart,
  Because I cannot speak its name:
Spoken, 'twould make my soul rejoice;
But now I cannot give it voice.

Once in these veins the blood was warm;
With ardent hope this heart beat high;
And the great gales that proudly storm
The loftiest ramparts of the sky
Were not more daring, fierce and strong
Than this now silent soul of song.

But wasted now that youth of gold,
Not heaven itself again could give;
And he to die may well be bold
Who is not bold enough to live,—
In haunted silence of disgrace,
Where hushed thy voice and veiled thy face.

Ah, come no more to do me wrong
In twilight hours of tender dream,
When this worn spirit seems less strong
Than evening mist that shrouds the stream!
Though love be dead, at least retain
Some pity for thy lover's pain:

Remembering still, though all be past,
That thou and I clasped hands in youth:
I saw thee close, I held thee fast,
Plucked kisses from thy rosy mouth,—
Learning the bliss which now I weep,
The love I won, but could not keep.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE

What though I sing no other song?
  What though I speak no other word?
Is silence shame? Is patience wrong?—
  At least one song of mine was heard:

One echo from the mountain air,
  One ocean murmur, glad and free,
One sign that nothing grand or fair
  In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;
  I will not strain the chords of thought;
The sweetest fruit of all desire
  Comes its own way, and comes unsought.

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
  And all their music passed away,
What Nature wishes should be said
  She'll find the rightful voice to say!

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
  The drifting cloud, the lonely sky,
And all we know of bliss or grief
  She speaks, in forms that cannot die.

The mountain peaks that shine afar,
  The silent stars, the pathless sea,
Are living signs of all we are,
  And types of all we hope to be.

IN PEACE

Green trees, and grassy fields, and sunset light,
With holy silence, save for rippling leaves,
And birds that twitter of the coming night,
Calling their mates, beneath my cottage eaves,—
These Fate hath granted, for a little space,
To be companions of my pilgrimage,
Filling my grateful heart with Nature's grace.

Not unremembered here life's garish stage,
Nor the wild city's uproar, nor the race
For gain and power, in which all lives engage;
But here remembered dimly, in a dream,
As something fretful that hath ceased to fret,—
Now, when time lapses like a gentle stream,
Hid in the woodland's heart, and I forget
To note its music and its silver gleam.

But never, never let me cease to know,
O whispering woods and daisy-sprinkled grass,
The beauty and the peace that you bestow,
When the wild fevers of ambition pass,
And the worn spirit, in its gloom and grief,
Sinks on your bosom and there finds relief!

LONGFELLOW

Alone, at night, he heard them sigh,—
  These wild March winds that beat his tomb,—
Alone, at night, from those that die,
  He sought one ray to light his gloom:

And still he heard the night-winds moan,
  And still the mystery closed him round,
And still the darkness, cold and lone,
  Sent forth no ray, returned no sound.

But time at last the answer brings,
  And he, past all our suns and snows,
At rest with peasants and with kings,
  Like them the wond'rous secret knows.

Alone, at night, we hear them sigh,—
  These wild March winds that stir his pall;
And, helpless, wandering, lost, we cry
  To his dim ghost to tell us all.

He loved us while he lingered here;
  We loved him,—never love more true!
He will not leave in doubt and fear
  The human grief that once he knew.

For never yet was born the day
  When, faint of heart and weak of limb,
One suffering creature turned away,
  Unhelped, unsoothed, uncheered by him!

But still, through darkness, dense and bleak,
  The winds of March moan wildly round,
And still we feel that all we seek
  Ends in that sigh of vacant sound.

He cannot tell us—none can tell
  What waits behind the mystic veil!
Yet he who lived and died so well,
  In that, perchance, has told the tale.

Not to the wastes of Nature drift,—
  Else were this world an evil dream,—
The crown and soul of Nature's gift,
  By Avon or by Charles's stream!

His song was like the pine-tree's sigh,
  At midnight o'er a poet's grave,
Or like the sea-bird's distant cry,
  Borne far across the twilight wave.

There is no flower of meek delight,
  There is no star of heavenly pride,
That shines not fairer and more bright
  Because he lived, loved, sang, and died.

Wild winds of March, his requiem sing!
  Weep o'er him, April's sorrowing skies!
Till come the tender buds of spring
  To deck the pillow where he lies:

Till violets pour their purple flood,
  That wandering myrtle shall not lack,
And, royal with the summer's blood,
  The roses that he loved come back:

Till all that Nature gives of light,
  To rift the gloom and point the way,
Shall sweetly pierce our mortal night,
  And symbol his immortal day!

A REVERIE

I

The peace of this autumnal day
Allures my dreaming thoughts away
To that great world beyond the deep,
Where I so many treasures keep.
There, fond and true, one friend I find,
Whose tender heart and constant mind
Gave, while he lingered here on earth,
Comfort, and cheer, and hope, and mirth;
And still they waft a cordial breath
Across the icy waves of death.
His nature, while he dwelt below,
Was like these days: this season's glow,
The misty sky, the sleeping sea,
The browning grass, the burnished tree,
The wild-flowers, swinging o'er the brook,
Were in his heart as in his book.
Alive, he charmed away life's fret
With all the sunshine he could get,
And, when death whispered, softly crept
Into a quiet place and slept;
And Nature never saw more grace
Than hallowed then his noble face.

And so, to think upon him here,
In this sweet season of the year,—
Which he so loved, which he was like
As clouds are to the clouds they strike,—
Is winning peace, and strength to live,
Beyond what all the world can give.

II

Ah, not to me, dear heart, was said
The word that crowned thy royal head
First with the aureole's light and bloom,
And then the amaranth of the tomb.
Fate gave thee power, and calm, and poise,
And all thy days and deeds were joys.
Thine were the forest and the flood,
The sunrise sparkled in thy blood,
And thou didst hold a careless flight
Above the dells and caves of night.
But ever through thy smile shone clear
The lustre of compassion's tear,
The pity of thy gentle mind,
And tenderness, for all mankind.
I saw thee with a wistful eye,
And saddened,—and I knew not why;
Till soon, too soon, thy summons came,
And thou wert nothing but a name.
Ah, day of misery and of moan,
When grief and I were left alone!

III

Fate gave not me her smile benign,—
That pensive, playful calm of thine,—
But early from her bosom cast,
To be the sport of every blast;
To war with passion, and to know
The sting of want, the pang of woe,—
Forcing a soul, for kindness born,
To every strife it held in scorn.
So, careless whether right or wrong,
I battled through the hostile throng,
And felt, whatever doom might be,
Or life or death, the same to me.
'Twas then across my pathway lone
The holy star of friendship shone!
'Twas then thy kindness soothed my pain,
And arched the heaven of hope again!
As, sudden through the stormy dark,
Full on the tempest-battered barque,
Home's glad and golden beacons shine,
So flashed thy spirit upon mine:
And not, though hope's last star were set,
Could this true heart of mine forget!

IV

Now, of our few but happy years
Remains this flower, that bloomed in tears:
Not of the crown of life bereft
Is he who yet has patience left,

The haggard sky, the surf's dull roar,
The midnight storm, are mine no more;
But mine the gleam of setting sun,
The call of birds when day is done,
The last, sad light, so loath to pass
It weeps upon the golden grass,
The sigh of leaves, in evening air,
The distant bell that calls to prayer,—
And nothing from my spirit bars
The benediction of the stars.

V

Ah, loved so well and mourned so long,
Here in my heart as in my song,
To thy dear memory let me raise
One tender strain of other days,
One pæan to the good thou wast,
One low lament for all I lost.
Yet, looking o'er life's arid track,
Kind soul, I would not wish thee back.
What sadder lot, what doom of fate,
More sterile is, more desolate,
Than here to goad our wearied powers,
And toil through times that are not ours!
Ah, no, the silence now is best,
The leaf down-fluttering o'er thy rest,
And every kind, caressing sigh
That Nature breathes o'er those that die;
While thou, in some serener sphere,
Forget'st the toils and troubles here;

Or, made a part of flowers and trees,
Art pure, and calm, and safe, like these.

VI

Slow pales the light; the day declines;
The night-wind murmurs in the pines;
The stars come out, and, far away,
Across the sweetly sleeping bay,
One snow-white sail, by sunset kist,
Fades slowly in the ocean mist,
Fades,—like all joys and griefs we know,
And like this dream of Long Ago.

EGERIA

The star I worship shines alone,
In native grandeur set apart;
Its light, its beauty, all my own,
And imaged only in my heart.

The flower I love lifts not its face
For other eyes than mine to see;
And, having lost that sacred grace,
'Twould have no other charm for me.

The hopes I bear, the joys I feel,
Are silent, secret, and serene;
Pure is the shrine at which I kneel,
And purity herself my queen.

I would not have an impious gaze
Profane the altar where are laid
My hopes of nobler, grander days,
By heaven inspired, by earth betrayed.

I would not have the noontide sky
Pour down its bold, obtrusive light
Where all the springs of feeling lie,
Deep in the soul's celestial night.

Far from the weary strife and noise,
The tumult of the great To-day,
I guard my own congenial joys,
And keep my own sequestered way.

For all that world is cursed with care,
Has nothing holy, nothing dear;
No light, no music anywhere,—
It will not see, it will not hear.

But thou, sweet spirit, viewless power,
Whom I have loved and trusted long,—
In pleasure's day, in sorrow's hour,—
Muse of my life and of my song;

Breathe softly, thou, with peaceful voice,
In my soul's temple, vast and dim!
In thy own perfect joy rejoice,
With morning and with evening hymn!

And though my hopes should round me fall,
Like rain drops in a boundless sea,
I will not think I lose them all
While yet I keep my trust in thee!

AMARANTH

Red globes of autumn strew the sod,
The bannered woods wear crimson shields,
The aster and the golden-rod
Deck all the fields.

No clarion blast, at morning blown,
Should greet the way-worn veteran here,
Nor roll of drum nor trumpet-tone
Assail his ear.

No jewelled ensigns now should smite,
With jarring flash, down emerald steeps,
Where sweetly in the sunset light
The valley sleeps.

No bolder ray should bathe this bower
Than when, above the glimmering stream,
The crescent moon, in twilight's hour,
First sheds her beam.

No ruder note should break the thrall,
That love and peace and honor weave,
Than some lone wild-bird's gentle call,
At summer eve.

But here should float the voice of song,—
  Like evening winds in autumn leaves,
Sweet with the balm they waft along
    From golden sheaves.

The sacred past should feel its spell,
  And here should murmur, soft and low,
The voices that he loved so well,—
    Long, long ago.

The vanished scenes should give to this
  The cherished forms of other days,
And rosy lips that felt his kiss
    Breathe out his praise.

The comrades of his young renown
  Should proudly throng around him now,
When falls the spotless laurel crown
    Upon his brow.

Not in their clamorous shouts who make
  The noonday pomp of glory's lord
Does the true soul of manhood take
    Its high reward.

But when, from all the glimmering years,
  Beneath the moonlight of the past
The strong and tender spirit hears
    'Well done,' at last;

When love looks forth from heavenly eyes,
And heavenly voices make acclaim,
And all his deeds of kindness rise
To bless his name;

When all that has been sweetly blends
With all that is, and both revere
The life so lovely in its ends,
So pure, so dear;

Then leaps, indeed, the golden flame
Of blissful pride to rapture's brim,—
The fire that sacramental fame
Has lit for him!

For him who, lord of joy and woe,
Through half a century's snow-white years
Has gently ruled, in humor's glow,
The fount of tears.

True, simple, earnest, patient, kind,
Through griefs that many a weaker will
Had stricken dead, his noble mind
Was constant still.

Sweet, tender, playful, thoughtful, droll,
His gentle genius still has made
Mirth's perfect sunshine in the soul,
And pity's shade.

With amaranths of eternal spring
Be all his life's calm evening drest,
While summer winds around him sing
The songs of rest!

And thou, O Memory, strange and dread,
That stand'st on heaven's ascending slope,
Lay softly on his reverend head
The wreath of hope!

So softly, when the port he wins,
To which life's happiest breezes blow,
That where earth ends and heaven begins
He shall not know.

GOOD-NIGHT

'GOOD-NIGHT, my boy'; and with a smile
  He turned his steps and sped away:
Since then 'tis but a little while,
  And he is dead to-day:
Dead,—and the friend whom once I knew,
  My comrade both in joy and pain,
So often tried and always true,
  Will never smile again.

His days were many, and the world
  Had most of all his thought and care;
But now his sails of toil were furled
  In art's serener air.
The evening lamp, the storied page,
  The mantling glass, the song, the jest,—
These turned the twilight of his age
  To morning and to rest.

The thorny paths of life he knew;
  His tender heart was quick to feel;
And wounds his pity wept to view,
  His bounty glowed to heal.

Of worldly ways, of frailty's slips,
  Of mortal sin, he had his share;
Yet still could breathe, with childhood's lips,
  His artless childhood's prayer.

Good deeds were all the work he wrought;
  Sweet thoughts, and merry, all he prized;
Nor power nor fame by him was sought,
  Nor homely life despised.
Strife could not live before his face,
  But wheresoe'er his footsteps fell
Came kindness, with its smile of grace,
  And everything was well.

He did not strive to win the heights;
  Enough for him the lowly vale,
The autumn sunset's pensive lights,
  The autumn's perfumed gale:
But toilers on the upward slope,
  Who greatly strove and bravely dared,
Had cheer of him, and felt new hope,
  Howe'er their fortune fared.

To brighten life, where'er he went,
  With laughter's sparkle, and to make
Home's fireside lovely with content,
  For gentle humor's sake,—
That was his fate. Ah, darkly shows
  The path where yesterday he shone,—
That downward path of many woes
  That we must tread, alone.

Yet he, like us, had lost and grieved:
He knew how hard it is to bear,
When, lone and listless and bereaved,
We sink in dumb despair:
And could those lips, now marble chill,
But speak once more from that true heart,
With what a jocund, blithe good-will
They'd bid our grief depart!

It was but yesterday he went:
This is the room, and that the door:
When some few idle days are spent
'Twill all be as before:
The heavenly morning will destroy
This rueful dream of death and pain,
And I shall hear him say, 'My boy,'
And clasp his hand again.

THE NIGHT WIND

The night-wind that sobs in the trees—
Ah, would that my spirit could tell
What an infinite meaning it breathes,
What a sorrow and longing it wakes!

EBB TIDE

In dusky gloom she sits apart,
  Beyond the moonlight's silver glow,
With tender fancies at her heart,—
  That bloomed, and withered, long ago.

Her patient eyes are wet with tears,
  Her face is pale with want and care,
And all the griefs of all her years,
  Transfigured, crown her snowy hair.

Gaunt sorrow claims her, heart and brain;
  She bears the burden of the cross;
She hears a solemn dirge of pain,
  The sad, old song of love and loss. . . .

So glide the lonesome hours away:
  The song is still, the grief is past;
Alike to her are night and day—
  And life and trouble rest at last.

AT STRATFORD

I

While Evening waits and hearkens,
  While yet the song-bird calls,
Before the last light darkens,
  Before the last leaf falls,—
Once more, with reverent feeling,
  This sacred shrine I seek,—
In silent awe revealing
  The love I cannot speak.

II

Still flows, rejoicing in one hallowed name,
The golden tide of reverence and acclaim;
Still, through long years, the lowly and the great
Around his shrine and in his temple wait.
And sure no holier impulse can impart
Exalted gladness to the reverent heart
Than this, which prompts its homage to one soul
That measur'd, sounded, and express'd the whole.

VIOLET

One name I shall not forget,—
Gentle name of Violet.

Many and strange the years have sped:
She who bore that name is dead:

Dead,—and resting by the sea,
Where she gave her heart to me:

Dead,—and now the grasses wave,
And the dry leaves, o'er her grave,

Rustling in the autumn wind,
Like the sad thoughts in my mind.

She was light, and soon forgot;
Loved me well and loved me not:

Changeful as the April sky,
Kind or cruel, sad or shy;

Gray-eyed, winsome, arch, and fair,—
My youth's passion and despair.

Now, through storms of many years,
Now, through tender mist of tears,

Looking backward, I can see
She was always true to me.

Yet, with prisoned tears that burn,
Cold we parted, wayward, stern;

Spoke the fatal farewell word,
Neither meant and neither heard;

Spoke,—and parted in our pain,
Nevermore to meet again.

Sometimes, underneath the moon,
On rose-laden nights of June,—

When white clouds drift o'er the blue,
While the pale stars glimmer through,

And the honeysuckle throws
Fragrant challenge to the rose,

And the liberal pine-tree flings
Perfume on the midnight's wings,—

Came, with thrills of hope and fear,
Mystic sense that she was near;

Came the thought,—'Through good and ill
She loves, and she remembers still!'

But no word e'er came or went;
And, when nine long years were spent,

Something in my bosom said,
Very softly, 'She is dead!'

Now, at sombre autumn eve,
Wandering where the woodlands grieve,

Or where wild winds whistle free,
On the hills that front the sea,

Cruel thoughts of love and loss
Nail my spirit to the cross.

Friends have fallen, youth is gone,
Fields are brown and skies are wan:

One name I shall not forget,—
Gentle name of Violet.

THE SEQUEL

The moonbeams on the water sleep,
In breathing light,
And tender thoughts and memories keep
My soul to-night.

Shades of sweet hours, forever gone,
Return unsought,
And waves of mournful joy dance on
The stream of thought.

A dreamy fragrance seems to rise
From other years,—
A solemn bliss, that dims the eyes
With happy tears.

Life wears the glow of rosy grace
That first it wore,
And smiles are lit on many a face
That smiles no more.

The gentle friends I used to greet,—
They all are here:
All forms are fair, all voices sweet,
All memories dear.

All happy thoughts, all glorious dreams,
That once were mine,
Rise, in the tender light that beams
From auld lang syne.

But something in the heart is wrong,—
The joyous sway,
The spirit and the voice of song
Have died away.

These winds, that on their cloudy cars
Sweep through the sky,
These wandering, watching, deathless stars,
My prayer deny.

These low, sweet murmurs from the land
And from the sea,
These waves, that kiss the silver sand,
Speak not to me.

And not to me one voice shall speak
For evermore,
Though the same waves in beauty break
On the same shore.

Shine stars, sob waves, and murmur blast,
And night-dews weep!
To wait is left me, and at last
The dreamless sleep.

NOT FORGOTTEN

Early, but not too early for thy fame,
The seal of silence on thy lips is laid,
While we, aghast, disheartened, and dismayed,
Crush back our tears and softly speak thy name.
To us it has one meaning and the same—
A brave and gentle soul, a noble mind,
Pure, constant, generous, modest and refined,
With simple duty for its only aim.
Dear are the days that thou hast left behind,
By sweet words hallowed, and by kindly deeds;
And thus the heart of sorrow moans and bleeds,
And ever bleeds, and will not be resigned—
Knowing its hopeless hope is all in vain,
To see thy face or hear thy voice again.

ARTHUR

I

White sail upon the ocean verge,
  Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
  Thy happy homeward course to run,
And wingéd hope, with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire.

I watch thee till the sombre sky
  Has darkly veiled the lucent plain;
My thoughts, like homeless spirits, fly
  Behind thee o'er the glimmering main:
Thy prow will kiss a golden strand,
But they can never come to land.

And if they could, the fanes are black
  Where once I bent the reverent knee;
No shrine could send an answer back,
  No sacred altar blaze for me,
No holy bell, with silver toll,
Declare the ransom of my soul.

'Tis equal darkness, here or there;
  For nothing that this world can give

Could now the ravaged past repair,
  Or win the precious dead to live!
Life's crumbling ashes quench its flame,
And every place is now the same.

II

Thou idol of my constant heart,
  Thou child of perfect love and light,
That sudden from my side didst part,
  And vanish in the sea of night,
Through whatsoever tempests blow
My weary soul with thine would go.

Say, if thy spirit yet have speech,
  What port lies hid within the pall,
What shore death's gloomy billows reach,
  Or if they reach no shore at all!
One word,—one little word,—to tell
That thou art safe and all is well!

The anchors of my earthly fate,
  As they were cast so must they cling;
And naught is now to do but wait
  The sweet release that time will bring,
When all these mortal moorings break,
For one last voyage I must make.

Say that across the shuddering dark,
And whisper that the hour is near,
Thy hand will guide my shattered barque
Till mercy's radiant coasts appear,
Where I shall clasp thee to my breast,
And know once more the name of rest.

THE DIFFERENCE

But yesterday he was our little child,
To-day God's angel! and with bated breath
We speak of that sweet spirit, undefil'd,
Shrin'd in the awful mystery of death.

His restless spirit, while on earth he dwelt,
Wreathed with a smile whatever grief he felt,
And 'twas his lot, though crowned with public praise,
Ample and warm, to walk in troubled ways.
Glad was his voice, that all men loved to hear,
While few surmised the pang, the secret tear;
Yet did that thrill of pathos flush the grace
Of playful humor in his speaking face,
Inform his fancy and inspire his art
To cheer the senses and to touch the heart.
Jocund and droll, incessant, buoyant, quaint,
His vigor fired the forms his skill could paint,
Till, over-anxious lest effects were tame,
He left his picture, to adorn its frame.
A mind more serious never did engage
Through simulated mirth the comic stage,
Nor strong ambition conquer and control
A sturdier will and more aspiring soul.
If haply, much constrained, his purpose bowed
To woo the fancy of the fickle crowd,
Yet did his judgment spurn the poor renown
Of shallow jester and of trivial clown.
A true comedian this, by fate designed
To picture manners and to cheer mankind.
So Raymond lived; and naught remains to tell,
Save that too soon the final curtain fell.
Peace to his dust, where love and honor weep,
In endless sorrow, o'er their comrade's sleep.

ANUBIS

I

Could we but feel that our lost ones are near us,—
  We in our darkness and they in their light,—
Could we but feel that they see us and hear us,
  Ah, what a splendor would stream through the night!
How this great world, in its jubilant madness,
  Hopeless no longer, nor vagrant nor blind,
Grandly would blaze through the heaven of gladness,
  Spurning the cloud of its sorrow behind!

II

Still soars the jest to the echoing rafter,
  Still the gay throng sparkles over the scene,
Still the sweet air is a ripple of laughter,
  Red gleams the rose and the myrtle is green;
Still the lights flash and the trumpet is sounding,
  Pennons are fluttered and banners unfurled,—
Where is the grace and the genius abounding
  Once that redeemed and illumined the world?

III

Where are the hearts that were tenderly plighted,
  Long years ago, in the kingdom of flowers?
Where are the hands that were fondly united?
  Where are the eyes that looked love into ours?
Yesterday was it, that vainly we harken'd,
  Hearing no longer the one cherished tone?
Yesterday was it, the heavens were darken'd,
  Leaving us stricken, bewildered, and lone?

IV

Little by little the roof-tree is crumbled,
  Slow from the branches the leaves drop away,
Year after year we are broken and humbled,
  Nearing the desolate end of the play.
Red in the west, where the cloud-rack is scattered,
  Lowers, defeated, the fugitive sun;
Dreary and cold, like the life it has shattered,
  Night covers all, and our journey is done.

V

Is there no more, when this pageant is ended? . . .
  Here, where they slumber, the violet blows;
Here with the bird-note divinely are blended
  Soul of the lily and heart of the rose!
What though the rage of the tempest may cover,
  White with its anger, the shuddering plain,—
Soon will the kiss of its heavenly lover
  Thrill it to verdure and beauty again.

VI

Ah, when we burst from this fettered existence,
Born into freedom and loosed into space,
How shall we spurn, at what infinite distance,
All that has bound us in earthly disgrace!
Who shall conceive what the soul may inherit!
Who shall declare the unspeakable bliss,
Regnant and safe, in that world, for the spirit
True to the right, through the trials of this!

VII

Dark for them, now, whom we hallow and honor,
Dark and forlorn is the stage that was theirs;
Peace, with the garment of silence upon her,
Broods o'er the dust of their sorrows and cares.
Low lie their heads with the clods of the valley;
Never again will they come at our call;
Vainly around their cold ashes we rally;
Quenched are the lights, and the curtain must fall.

VIII

Ends not this world in the night of denial!
Not for a grave were illumined the spheres!
Forward and far from this bondage and trial
Love reaps, in rapture, the harvest of tears.
Only for us is the pang of bereavement;
Theirs the same mission, yet more than the same,—
Loftier powers, and nobler achievement
Wrought with the music of sweeter acclaim!

IX

Labor and pain, that were never requited,
  Passionate hope, that was never fulfilled,
Dreams and desires, that were baffled and blighted,
  Pure aspirations, defeated and chilled,
Weary vicissitude, strife, and dejection,—
  Fate gave them these, till it gave them release:
Here the great heart of a comrade affection
  Gathers them home to the bosom of peace.

X

Hallowed be ever this dream-haunted haven;
  Hallowed the shaft that we consecrate here!
Never may ominous pinion of raven
  Herald the spectre oblivion near!
Sentinel roses, bloom faithful and tender!
  Guardian heavens, smile lovingly down,—
Clouds in your sorrow, and stars in your splendor,—
  Pouring the incense of deathless renown!

XI

Echoes of blessing,—from where, in our vision,
  Hearts never falter and eyes never weep,—
Blown on wild winds from the mountains elysian,
  Drift, in sweet requiems, over their sleep!
Lift up our souls, till with pæans and dirges
  Merciful death shall at last set us free,—
There, where the moan of the infinite surges
  Dies on the shore of eternity's sea!

SIR PERCIVAL

I

With a glimmer of plumes and a sparkle of lances,
With blare of the trumpet and neigh of the steed,
At morning they rode where the bright river glances,
And the sweet summer wind ripples over the mead.
The green sod beneath them was ermined with daisies,
Smiling up to green boughs tossing wild in their glee,
While a thousand glad hearts sang their honors and praises,
Where the knights of the mountain rode down to the sea.

II

One rode 'neath the banner whose face was the fairest,
Made royal with deeds that his manhood had done,
And the halo of blessing fell richest and rarest
On his armor that splintered the shafts of the sun.
So moves o'er the water the cygnet sedately;
So waits the strong eagle to mount on the wing;
Serene and puissant and simple and stately,
So shines among princes the form of the king! . .

III

With a gay bugle-note, when the daylight's last glimmer
Smites, crimson and gold, on the snow of his crest,
At evening he rides, through the shades growing dimmer,
While the banners of sunset stream red in the west.
His comrades of morning are scattered and parted,—
The clouds hanging low and the winds making moan,—
But, smiling, and dauntless, and calm, and true-hearted,
All proudly he rides down the valley, alone.

IV

Sweet gales of the woodland, embrace and caress him!
White wings of renown, be his comfort and light!
Pale dews of the star-beam, encompass and bless him
With the peace, and the balm, and the glory of night!
And, O, while he wends to the verge of that ocean
Where the years, like a garland, shall fall from his brow,
May his glad heart exult in the tender devotion—
The love that encircles and hallows him now!

THE STATUE

I

How different now, old friend, the meeting!
  Thy form, thy face, thy look the same,—
But where is now the kindly greeting,
  The voice of cheer, the heart of flame?
There, in thy grandeur, calm and splendid,—
  God's peace on that imperial brow,—
Thou standest, grief and trouble ended,
  And we are nothing to thee now.

II

Yet once again the air is cloven
  With joyous tumult of acclaim;
Once more the golden wreaths are woven,
  Of love and honor, for thy name;
And round thee here, with tender longing,
  As oft they did in days of old,
The comrades of thy soul come thronging,
  Who never knew thee stern or cold.

III

Why waits, in frozen silence sleeping,
The smile that made our hearts rejoice?
Why, dead to laughing and to weeping,
Is hushed the music of thy voice?
By what strange mood of reverie haunted
Art thou, the gentle, grown austere?
And do we live in dreams enchanted,
To know thee gone, yet think thee here?

IV

Ah, fond pretence! ah, sweet beguiling!
Too well we know thy course is run.
There's no more grief and no more smiling
For thee henceforth beneath the sun.
In manhood's noon thy summons found thee,
In glory's blaze, on fortune's height,
Trailed the black robe of doom around thee,
And veiled thy radiant face in night.

V

This but the shadow of a vision
Our mourning souls alone can see,
That pierce through death to realms elysian
More hallowed now because of thee.
Yet, O, what heart, with recollection
Of thy colossal trance of pain,
Were now so selfish in affection
To wish thee back from heaven again!

VI

There must be, in those boundless spaces
Where thy great spirit wanders free,
Abodes of bliss, enchanted places,
That only love's white angels see!
And sure, if heavenly kindness showered
On every sufferer 'neath the sun
Shows any human spirit dowered
With love angelic, thou wert one!

VII

There's no grand impulse, no revealing,
In all the glorious world of art,
There's no sweet thought or noble feeling
That throbbed not in thy manly heart!
There's no strong flight of aspiration,
No reverent dream of realms divine,
No pulse, no thrill, no proud elation
Of god-like power that was not thine!

VIII

So stand forever, joyless, painless,
Supreme alike o'er smiles and tears,
Thou true man's image, strong and stainless,
Unchanged through all the changing years,—
While fame's blue crystal o'er thee bending
With honor's gems shall blaze and burn,
And rose and lily, round thee blending,
Adorn and bless thy hallowed urn!

IX

While summer days are long and lonely,
  While autumn sunshine seems to weep,
While midnight hours are bleak, and only
  The stars and clouds their vigils keep,
All gentle things that live shall moan thee,
  All fond regrets forever wake;
For earth is happier having known thee,
  And heaven is sweeter for thy sake!

MY PALACES

They rose in beauty on the plains
  Through which my childhood danced in glee,
When roses wreathed my idle chains,
  And holy angels talked with me.

They rose sublime on mountain heights
  Whereto my ardent youth aspired,—
Through silver days and golden nights,
  Ere yet my heart grew dull and tired.

Their stately towers were all aflame
  With rosy hues of morning light;
For hope, and love, and power, and fame
  Burned on their peaks and made them bright.

Now brown and level fields expand
  Around me, as I hold my way
Through barren hills on either hand,
  And under skies of sober gray.

No radiant towers in distance rise,
  On soaring mountain strong and glad;
No gorgeous banners flaunt the skies,—
  But all the scene is calm and sad.

Yet here and there, along the plain,
A flower lights up the fading grass;
And whispering wind and rustling rain
Make gentle music as I pass.

And now and then a happy face,
And now and then a cheerful thought
Give to the scene a pensive grace,
The sweeter that it comes unsought.

And, looking past all earthly ill,
I dimly see my place of rest,—
A lowly palace, dark and still,
And sacred to the weary guest.

BLUE AND BLACK

I

Here's a health to the lass with the merry black eyes!
  Here's a health to the lad with the blue ones!
Here's a bumper to love, as it sparkles and flies,
  And here's joy to the hearts that are true ones!
Yes, joy to the hearts that are tender and true,—
  With a passion that nothing can smother!
To the eyes of the one, that are pensive and blue,
  And the merry black eyes of the other!

II

Mind this now, my lad, with the sweet eyes of blue,
  That, whatever the graces invite you,
There is nothing for you in this world that will do
  But a pair of black eyes to delight you:
And mind, my gay lass, with the dear eyes of black,
  In a pair of blue eyes to discover
That pure light of affection you never should lack,—
  And you'll always be true to your lover.

III

Long, long shall your eyes sparkle back with a kiss
  To the eyes that live but to behold you:
Long, long shall the magic of mutual bliss
  In a heaven of rapture enfold you!
And forever to you shall that singer be wise,
  Whose sweet thought is the truest of true ones,—
That the answering lustre of merry black eyes
  Is the life of a pair of true blue ones.

LAUREL

I

Because in danger's darkest hour,
When heart and hope sank low,
She nerved our frail and faltering power
To brave its mightiest foe;
Because our fathers smiled to see
Her golden lilies dance
O'er the proud field that made us free,
We plight our faith to France!

Ah, grand and sweet the holy bond,
That who gives all is blest!
And love can give no pledge beyond
The life she loves the best.
That pledge these hallowed rites declare,
Of choice and not of chance,
And he shall cross the sea to bear
Our loyal hearts to France!

Strong, tender, gentle, patient, wise,
Brave soul and constant mind,
True wit, that kindles as it flies
And leaves no grief behind,—

Be thine to wear the snowy plume
  And poise the burnished lance,—
Our rose of chivalry, to bloom
  Among the knights of France!

Be thine the glorious task to speed
  The conquering age of gold,
Till ravaged peace no more shall bleed,
  And history's muse behold,
Borne in the vanward, fast and far,
  Of the free world's advance,
Blent with Columbia's bannered star,
  The triple stripes of France!

II

Dark streamers of the eastern gale,
  Blown far across the desert sea,
Your wings have filled the snowy sail
  That bears my comrade back to me!
Through glist'ning surge and flying foam
Your stormy pinions waft him home.

Cold waves that beat the murmuring shore,—
  Sad pulsing throbs of ocean's breast,—
Your grieving cadence mourns no more,
  Your sobbing requiem dies to rest,—
When now, by all fame's banners fanned,
The laurelled wanderer comes to land.

No longer now our weary eyes
  Gaze down the empty ocean track:
No more we muse, with stifled sighs,
  On ships that sailed and came not back,—
Glad hopes that flew, on fancy's wing,
When all the world was love and spring.

For now the hollow cave of night,
  The silent deep of time and space,
Through many a rift of diamond light,
  Yields up our argosy of grace;
And all sweet airs of heaven enfold
Its silver sails and spars of gold.

The lion heart that never quailed,
  The patient spirit, sweetly wise,
The equal mind, howe'er assailed
  By grief that blights and time that tries,—
Those are the glories that she bore,
And those the riches come to shore.

There should be fairer flowers than these,
  And all the bells of joy should fling
Their music on the perfumed breeze,
  With sweeter songs than I can sing,—
On whose frail harp the sunset ray
Of passion long has died away.

Yet once again its fragile strings,
  Slow trembling to my trembling touch,
Shall softly wake to hallow things
  So precious and beloved so much,—
Truth, valor, kindness,—all that blend
To make the champion and the friend!

His world of hope be crowned in this!
  Bloom round him, wheresoe'er he goes,
White lilies of perpetual bliss,
  Entwined with honor's fadeless rose!
May all be his that love has made
Of laurel that can never fade!

WHAT'S IN A NAME

In pursuing the Muse you will find that the jade is
As capricious and airish as most other ladies,
And that superfine cognomen, meet for a bard,
Is a primal essential to win her regard.
Therefore call yourself Clifford, or Aubrey, or Claude,
Or Gladys, or Gwendoline, Marco, or Maude,
And being thus titled, choose all that is wrong,
And with that equipment burst forth into song,—
Making silver-gilt verses on love pangs and hearses,
Till your readers believe you are ravishing Circes;
Whether female or male 'tis indifferent quite,
If you're only salacious enough when you write;
Because, if you indicate vicious propensity,
Combined with a longing for heaven's immensity,
You'll be sure to be taken for something sublime,
And they won't use a tape-measure, testing your rhyme,
But will load you with lucre, and crown you with bays,
And exhaust a whole lexicon, sounding your praise;
And then, if you'll only contrive to suggest
That your grandfather's aunt was a terrible pest,
And that you have inherited something from her,
In the line of rapacity, talons, and fur,—
Though how you derived it no man can surmise,—
That has gracefully twisted your brain and your eyes,

And makes you look sideways and vacantly stare,
And a general erection promotes of your hair,
And otherwise fits you for Bedlam, or worse,
And therefore is lovely when breathed into verse,
The world,—that learns nothing from things that have past,—
Will declare a great genius has risen at last!
So, choose a fine name of the exquisite order,
And print your erotics with plenty of border,
Mixing scent of the boudoir with reek of the stable,—
Which is being fastidious, virile, and able,
Ev'ry scruple of decency rising above,—
Since 'twas 'man that made marriage, but God that made love,'—
And you'll take a front seat in the Temple of Fame,
And illustrate decisively What's in a Name.

OLD DAYS AND LOVES

Rosy days of youth and fancy,
  Happy hours of long ago!
Ah, the flickering sunbeam visions—
  How they waver to and fro!

Galaxies of blue-eyed Marys,
  With a Julia and a Jane,
And a troop of little Lauras,
  Blush, and laugh, and romp again.

Moonlight meetings, dreamy rambles,
  In the balm of summer night,
When our hearts were full of rapture
  And our senses of delight;—

Those remember,—and remember
  How the fond stars shone above,
Keeping, in their mellow splendor,
  Watch and ward upon our love.

Youth is like a diamond dawning,—
  Bold it breaks to gorgeous day;
Heavenly fires of power and beauty
  Blaze and burn along its way.

Far within its mystic future
  Oft are solemn voices heard!
Shaped to many a stately anthem
  Floats the music of a word.

But that music, in the present,
  Droops with passion's dull decay,
Till its echo in the spirit
  Faints and fails and dies away.

Green be, then, the tender memory
  Of the past, forever sped,
So that youth may be immortal,
  Though its days and dreams are dead!

MY LITTLE CHILD

Sore and sad has been my heart
  Since I laid him to his rest;
Hard, hard has been the path
  That my weary feet have prest;
But the path is shorter now,
  And the end is growing plain,
And it won't be very long
  Till I see his face again.

The world was bright and glad
  When he walked beside me here,
And if e'er a trouble came,
  Or I ever shed a tear,
He smiled the cloud away
  With a single sunny glance,
Till my soul was full of joy,
  And my heart began to dance.

When I walk alone, at night,
  In the paths that he has known,
I can hear his little footsteps
  Falling softly by my own,

And his hand is clasped in mine,
  And his voice thrills the air,
And it breaks my heart afresh
  That there's only shadow there.

But the trees are turning brown
  And the sky is gray and cold,
And my locks are silver white
  And my world and I are old;
And there's silence all around me,
  And sunset in the west;
And it won't be very long
  Till I lay me down to rest.

AFTER LONG YEARS

Dear heart, and true, in the seasons fled,
Has the world swept by me, and left me dead?

Have the pansies withered, I used to know?
Are the roses faded, of long ago?

Do the tapers glimmer, that lit the feast?
Has the pageant passed? Has the music ceased?

And, musing here on the sea-beat coast,
Am I living man, or a wandering ghost?

Still in the scent of the autumn air
I feel a rapture that's like despair:

The starlight, pale on the sleeping sea,
Is a nameless, sorrowful joy to me:

And, lit by orb or crescent of night,
Meadow and woodland are brave to sight.

Still I bend to the mystic power
Of the strange sea-breeze and the breath of flower;

And the face of beauty wakes the wraith
Of holy passion and knightly faith!

But, ever I hear an undertone—
A subtle, sorrowful, wordless moan;

The dying note of a funeral bell;
The faltering sigh of a last farewell:

And ever I see, through lurid haze,
The sombre phantoms of other days;

In light that's sad as the ruin it frets,—
The solemn light of a sun that sets.

Ah, never now does youth dream on
As it used to dream in the summers gone!

For round it dashes the tide of years;
Its eyes are darkened with mist of tears;

Its hopes are sere as the fading grass,
And nothing it wished has come to pass.

Yet ever, in wayward, passionate power,
Like a wind that moans through a ruined tower,

O'er memory's darkening fields along
It rustles the fallen leaves of song:

And, wild in the heart, it wakes the thrill
That nothing but death can ever still!

IN MEMORY OF WILKIE COLLINS

I

Often and often, when the days were dark
  And, whether to remember or behold,
  Life was a burden, and my heart, grown old
With sorrow, scarce was conscious, did I mark
  How, from thy distant place across the sea,
  Vibrant with hope and with emotion free,
Thy voice of cheer rose like the morning lark,—
  And that was comfort if not joy to me!
For in the weakness of our human grief
  The mind that does not break and will not bend
  Teaches endurance as the one true friend,
The steadfast anchor and the sure relief.
  That was thy word, and what thy precept taught
  Thy life made regnant in one living thought.

II

Thy vision saw the halo of romance
  Round every common thing that men behold.
  Thy lucid art could turn to precious gold,—
Like roseate motes that in the sunbeams dance,—
Whatever object met thy kindling glance;
  And in that mirror life was never cold.

A gracious warmth suffused thy sparkling page,
And woman's passionate heart by thee was drawn,
With all the glorious colors of the dawn,
Against the background of this pagan age,—
Her need of love, her sacrifice, her trance
Of patient pain, her weary pilgrimage!
Thou knewest all of grief that can be known,
And didst portray all sorrows but thine own.

III

Where shall I turn, now that thy lips are dumb,
And night is on those eyes that loved me well?
What other voice, across thy dying knell,
With like triumphant notes of power will come?
Alas! my ravaged heart is still and numb
With thinking of the blank that must remain!
Yet be it mine, amid these wastes of pain,
Where all must falter and where many sink,
To stay the foot of misery on the brink
Of dark despair, to bid blind sorrow see,—
Teaching that human will breaks every chain
When once endurance sets the spirit free;
And, living thus thy perfect faith, to think
I am to others what thou wert to me!

HEAVEN'S HOUR

Can I forget?—no, never while my soul
Lives to remember! that imperial night
When through the spectral church I heard them roll,
Those organ tones of glory, and my sight
Grew dim with tears, while ever new delight
Throbbed in my heart, and through the shadowy dread
The pale ghosts wandered, and a deathly chill
Froze all my being,—the mysterious thrill
That tells the awful presence of the dead!
Yet not the dead, but, strayed from heavenly bowers,
Pure souls that live with other life than ours:
For sure I am that ecstasy of sound
Lured one sweet spirit from his holy ground,
Who dwells in the perpetual land of flowers.

THE VICTOR

Freed from the strife of this world, and the scorn of it,
Sweetly he sleeps on the emerald plain!
Never ambition, nor sorrow that's born of it,—
Sceptre or cross,—can afflict him again!
All that he lived for was truth and the fight for it;
Now all his battles are over and done.
Death gives him slumber, at last, and the night for it,—
Trials all ended and victory won!

They that reviled him may mourn to recover him,—
Knowing how gentle he was, and how brave!
Nothing he'll reck, where the wind blowing over him
Ripples the grasses that dream on his grave!
Though to our vision this dust be the last of him,
Low in the ground and deserted and lone,
Time will avenge all the woe that is past of him,
Fate will remember and justice atone.

After the fray and the heart-breaking pain of it,
Aliened affection and honor betrayed,
Here is the end, and the crown, and the gain of it,—
Cold in the earth where the victor is laid.
Stars will watch over him, silence lament for him,
Soft woodland whispers re-echo his knell,—
Bird-note and leaf-murmur tenderly blent for him,—
Comrade, and brother, and friend, Fare thee well!

FLORENCE

By Virtue cherished, by Affection mourned,
By Honor hallowed, and by Fame adorned,
Here Florence sleeps, and o'er his sacred rest
Each word is tender and each thought is blest.
Long, for his loss, shall pensive Mem'ry show
Through Humor's mask, the visage of her woe,
Day breathe a darkness that no sun dispels,
And night be full of whispers and farewells;
While patient Kindness, shadow-like and dim,
Droops in its loneliness, bereft of him,
Feels its sad doom and sure decadence nigh,—
For how should Kindness live, when he could die!

The eager heart, that felt for every grief,
The bounteous hand, that loved to give relief,
The honest smile, that blessed where'er it lit,
The dew of pathos and the sheen of wit,
The sweet blue eyes, the voice of melting tone
That made all hearts as gentle as his own;
The Actor's charm, supreme in royal thrall,
That ranged through every field and shone in all,—
For these must Sorrow make perpetual moan,
Bereaved, benighted, hopeless, and alone?
Ah, no: for Nature does no act amiss,
And heaven were lonely but for souls like this.

RUPERT

I

All the flowers were in their pride
On the day when Rupert died.

Dreamily, through dozing trees,
Sighed the idle summer breeze.

Wild birds, glancing in the air,
Spilled their music everywhere.

Not one sign of mortal ill
Told that his great heart was still.

Now the grass he loved to tread
Murmurs softly o'er his head:

Now the great green branches wave
High above his lonely grave:

While, in grief's perpetual speech,
Roll the breakers on the beach.

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,
Must this parting be the end?

II

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!
Night and silence cover all.

Howsoever we deplore,
They who go return no more.

Never from that unknown track
Floats one answering whisper back.

Nature, vacant, will not heed
Lips that grieve or hearts that bleed.

Wherefore now should mourning word
Or the tearful dirge be heard?

How shall words our grief abate?—
Call him noble; call him great;

Say that faith, now gaunt and grim,
Once was fair because of him;

Say that goodness, round his way,
Made one everlasting day;

Say that beauty's heavenly flame
Bourgeoned wheresoe'er he came;

Say that all life's common ways
Were made glorious in his gaze;

Say he gave us, hour by hour,
Hope and patience, grace and power;

Say his spirit was so true
That it made us noble, too;—

What is this, but to declare
Love's bereavement and despair?

What is this, but just to say
All we loved is torn away?

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!
Night and silence cover all.

III

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,
Must this parting be the end?

Heart and hope are growing old:
Dark the night comes down, and cold:

Few the souls that answer mine,
And no voice so sweet as thine.

Desert wastes of care remain—
Yet thy lips speak not again!

Gray eternities of space—
Yet nowhere thy living face!

Only now the lonesome blight,
Heavy day and haunted night.

All the light and music reft—
Only thought and memory left!

IV

Peace, fond mourner! This thy boon,—
Thou thyself must follow soon.

Peace,—and let repining go!
Peace,—for Fate will have it so.

Vainly now his praise is said:
Vain the garland for his head:

Yet is comfort's shadow cast
From the kindness of the past.

All my love could do to cheer
Warmed his heart when he was here.

Honor's plaudit, Friendship's vow
Did not coldly wait till now.

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,
If this parting be the end,

Yet I hold my life divine,
To have known a soul like thine:

And I hush the low lament
In submission, penitent.

Still the sun is in the skies:
He sets—but I have seen him rise!

AN EMPTY HEART

Well, since our lot must be to part
(These lots—how they do push and pull one!)
I send you here an empty heart,
But send it from a very full one.
My little hour of joy is done,
But every vain regret I smother,
With murm'ring, 'When you see the one,
Think kindly sometimes of the other.'

This heart must always do your will,
This heart your maid can fetch and carry,
This heart will faithful be, and still
Will not importune you to marry.
That other, craving hosts of things,
Would throb and flutter, every minute;
But this, except it hold your rings,
Will mutely wait, with nothing in it.

Oh, happy heart! that finds its bliss
In pure affection consecrated!
But happier far the heart, like this,
That heeds not whether lone or mated;

That stands unmoved in beauty's eyes,
  That knows not if you leave or take it,
That is not hurt though you despise,
  And quite unconscious when you break it.

That other heart would burn and freeze,
  And plague, and hamper, and perplex you,
But this will always stand at ease,
  And never pet and never vex you.
Go, empty heart! and if she lift
  Your little lid this prayer deliver:—
'Ah, look with kindness on the gift,
  And think with kindness on the giver.'

REMEMBER

When shuts the rose, when the long gloaming dies
And stars come out, and, under spectral skies,
The great elms nod and murmur, should there be,
Perchance, in thy sweet thoughts, one thought of me,
Say to thy listening heart,—'He was my friend:
He lov'd me, and was faithful to the end.'

IONA

I

Shrined among their crystal seas,
Thus I saw the Hebrides:

All the land with verdure dight;
All the heavens flushed with light;

Purple jewels 'neath the tide;
Hill and meadow glorified;

Beasts at ease and birds in air;
Life and beauty everywhere!

Shrined amid their crystal seas,—
Thus I saw the Hebrides.

II

Fading in the sunset smile,—
Thus I left the Holy Isle;

Saw it slowly fade away,
Through the mist of parting day;

Saw its ruins, grim and old,
And its bastions, bathed in gold;

Rifted crag and snowy beach,
Where the seagulls swoop and screech,

Vanish, and the shadows fall,
To the lonely curlew's call.

Fading in the sunset smile,—
Thus I left the Holy Isle.

III

As Columba, old and ill,
Mounted on the sacred hill,

Raising hands of faith and prayer,
Breathed his benediction there,

Stricken with its solemn grace—
Thus my spirit blessed the place:

O'er it while the ages range,
Time be blind and work no change!

On its plenty be increase!
On its homes perpetual peace!

While around its lonely shore
Wild winds rave and breakers roar,

Round its blazing hearths be blent
Virtue, comfort, and content!

On its beauty, passing all,
Ne'er may blight nor shadow fall!

Ne'er may vandal foot intrude
On its sacred solitude!

May its ancient fame remain
Glorious, and without a stain!

And the hope that ne'er departs,
Live within its loving hearts!

IV

Slowly fades the sunset light,
Slowly round me falls the night.

Gone the Isle, and distant far
All its loves and glories are:

Yet forever, in my mind,
Still will sigh the wand'ring wind,

And the music of the seas,
'Mid the lonely Hebrides.

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON

The songs that should greet him are songs of the mountain,
No sigh of the pine-tree that murmurs and grieves,
But the music of streams rushing swift from their fountain,
And the soft gale of spring through the sun-spangled leaves.

In the depth of the forest it woke from its slumbers,—
His genius that holds ev'ry heart in its thrall!
Beside the bright torrent he learned his first numbers,—
The thrush's sweet cadence, the meadow-lark's call.

O'er his cradle kind Nature,—that Mother enchanted
Of Beauty and Art,—cast her mantle of grace;
In his eyes lit her passion, and deeply implanted
In his heart her strong love of the whole human race.

Like the rainbow that pierces the clouds where they darken,
He came, ev'ry sorrow and care to beguile;
He spoke,—and the busy throng halted to hearken;
He smiled,—and the world answered back with a smile.

Like the sunburst of April, with mist drifting after,
When in shy, woodland places the daisy uprears,
He blessed ev'ry spirit with innocent laughter,—
The more precious because it was mingled with tears.

Like the rose by the wayside, so simple and tender,
His art was,—to win us because he was true:
We thought not of greatness, or wisdom, or splendor—
We loved him, and that was the whole that we knew!

He would heed the glad voice of the summer leaves shaken
By the gay wind of morning that sports through the trees!
Ah, how shall we bid that wild music awaken,
And thrill to his heart, with such accents as these?

How utter the honor and love that we bear him,—
The High Priest of Nature, the Master confest,—
How proudly, yet humbly, revere, and declare him
The Prince of his Order, the brightest and best!

Ah, vain are all words! But, as long as life's river
Through sunshine and shadow rolls down to the sea;
While the waves dash in music forever and ever;
While clouds drift in glory, and sea-birds are free;

So long shall the light, and the bloom, and the gladness
Of Nature's great heart his ordainment proclaim,
And its one tender thought of bereavement and sadness
Be the sunset of time over JEFFERSON's fame.

A BRIDAL RHYME

Love bids me twine
These flowers of mine,
And, joyful in a joyful duty,
I hail your May,
Your golden day,
Your morn of sweetness, strength, and beauty!
And not alone,
In gentle tone,
A careless grace of thought revealing,
I bid my heart
To yours impart
Its deepest truth of sacred feeling.

Since Heaven doth bless
The tenderness
Of hearts that truly love each other;
Since every year
Doth more endear
The heavenly names of wife and mother;
Since angels charm
Their way from harm
Whose thoughts are gentle, pure, and lowly;
To you, I know,
Life must come so
As only to be sweet and holy.

And so I twine
These flowers of mine
With glad belief that Love will guide you
In cheerful ways,
Through happy days,
With calm content to dwell beside you:
With strength to bear
Your earthly care,
'Neath stars of joy, serene and tender;
With hope, the prize
Of Paradise,
To fold you in its fadeless splendor.

WITH A CASKET

Seeming empty to the eye,
Yet within this magic space,
Mantled all in golden grace,
Many costly gems do lie.
Like the blessings angels shed
From the wafture of their wings
Are these ghosts of lovely things,—
Love, and hope, and pleasure dead.
Guard these treasures of the Past!
Soon the shadows dim the day:
All the world will pass away,—
These alone remain at last.

LINES TO A GHOST

It was *thy book;* it now is *mine:*
But presently I must resign
My book,—so cherished,—and become
As thou art, blind, and deaf, and dumb,
A Stranger; and my book will go,
The Lord knows where! But this *I* know—
Where'er it goes, it ne'er will be
More lov'd and priz'd than 'tis by me:
For Cowley, with his fancies queer,
His learning ripe, his taste severe,
His spirit reverent, and his mind
To rural solitude inclin'd,—
To ancient lore, to sacred themes,
To knightly deeds and mystic dreams,—
Has shone upon me, like a star,
And sweetly lur'd and led me far;—
So that, forgetting now and here,
And troubles rife and feelings sere,
I've heard the songs of angels, blent
With echoes from his fields of Kent.—
Things own'd are mere Oblivion's dues:
Things lov'd the soul can never lose!

ELEGY FOR BROMLEY

The dirge is sung, the ritual said,
No more the brooding organ weeps,
And, cool and green, the turf is spread
On that lone grave where Bromley sleeps.

Gone,—in his ripe, meridian hour!
Gone,—when the wave was at its crest!
And wayward Humor's perfect flower
Is turned to darkness and to rest.

No more those honest eyes will beam
With torrid light of proud desire;
No more those fluent lips will teem
With Wit's gay quip or Passion's fire.

Forever gone! And with him fade
The dreams that Youth and Friendship know,—
The frolic and the glee that made
The golden time of Long Ago.

The golden time! Ah, many a face,—
And his the merriest of them all,—
That made this world so sweet a place,
Is cold and still, beneath the pall.

His was the heart that over-much
In human goodness puts its trust,
And his the keen, satiric touch
That shrivels falsehood into dust.

His love was like the liberal air,—
Embracing all, to cheer and bless;
And ev'ry grief that mortals share
Found pity in his tenderness.

His subtle vision deeply saw,
Through piteous webs of human fate,
The motion of the sov'reign law,
On which all tides of being wait.

No sad recluse, no letter'd drone,
His mirthful spirit, blithely pour'd,
In many a crescent frolic shone,—
The light of many a festal board.

No pompous pedant, did he feign
With dull conceit of Learning's store;
But not for him were writ in vain
The statesman's craft, the scholar's lore.

Fierce for the right, he bore his part
In strife with many a valiant foe;
But Laughter wing'd his polish'd dart,
And Kindness temper'd ev'ry blow.

No selfish purpose mark'd his way;
  Still for the common good he wrought,
And still enrich'd the passing day
  With sheen of wit and sheaves of thought.

Shrine him, New England, in thy breast!
  With wild-flowers grace his hallow'd bed,
And guard with love his laurell'd rest,
  Forever, with thy holiest dead!

For not in all the teeming years
  Of thy long glory hast thou known
A being fram'd of smiles and tears,
  Humor and force so like thine own!

And never did thy asters gleam,
  Or through thy pines the night-wind roll,
To soothe, in death's transcendent dream,
  A sweeter or a nobler soul!

ELSIE

I KNOW not if thy charm it be,
Or Nature's charm, reveal'd in thee;
Whether thy face, as now I view it,
Is thine,—or hers that's shining through it:
But this I know—whate'er the art
That wins me, thou hast won my heart!
And therefore, though my old guitar
Has strings that were,—not strings that are,—
Once more, ere yet its tune be spent,
I touch that ancient instrument,—
In praise of truth and beauty blent!

Through the red glare, the scorching light,
The din, the havoc, and the blight
Of clamorous wrath and hideous haste,
That make this life one dreary waste,
Thy voice, of Music's soul complete,
Is ever tender, low, and sweet,—
To make the frantic tumult cease,
And bless me with the balm of peace!
And so for thee I breathe a sigh;
For this I love thee,—far or nigh,—
Or else, or else—I know not why!

MONODY FOR AUGUSTIN DALY

Long he slumbers: will he waken, greeting, as he used to do,
With his kindly, playful smile, his old companions, me and you?

Long he slumbers,—though the wind of morning sweetly blows to sea,
Though his barque has weighed her anchor, and the tide is flowing free.

Long he slumbers: why, so helpless, doth he falter on the shore?
Wherefore stays he in the silence, he that never stayed before?

'Do not wake me!' Oh, the pity! How shall we, poor toilers, strive,
If his strong and steadfast spirit keep not our frail hope alive?

All his days were given to action, all his powers of mind and will:
Now the restless heart is silent, and the busy brain is still.

Gone the fine ideal fancies, glorious, like the summer dawn!
Ev'ry passionate throb of purpose, ev'ry dream of grandeur gone!

Courage, patience, deep devotion, long endurance, manly trust,
Zeal for truth, and love for beauty,—gone, and buried in the dust!

Ah, what pictures rise in mem'ry, and what strains of music flow,
When we think of all the magic times and scenes of Long Ago!

When once more we hear, in Arden, rustling trees and rippling streams;
When on fair Olivia's palace faint and pale the moonlight beams;

When the storm-clouds break and scatter, and o'er beach, and crag, and wave
Angels float, and heavenly voices haunt the gloom of Prosp'ro's cave!

Well he wrought—and we remember! Faded rainbow! Fallen leaf!
All fair things are but as shadows, and all glory ends in grief.

Worn and weary with the struggle, broken with the weight
of care,
Low he lies, and all his pageants vanish in the empty air.

Nevermore can such things lure us, nevermore be quite
the same:
Other hands may grasp the laurel, other brows be twined
with fame.

Far, and less'ning in the distance, dies the music of the
Past;
In our ears a note discordant vibrates like an angry blast;

On our eyes the Future rushes, blatant, acrid, fraught
with strife,
Arrogant with tinsell'd youth, and rank with flux of
sensual life.

Naught avails to stem the tumult,—vulgar aims and
commonplace,
Greed, and vice, and dross, and folly, frenzied in the
frantic race.

Naught avails, and we that linger, sick at heart and old
and grim,
Can but pray to leave this rabble, loving Art and follow-
ing him.

Very lonely seems the pathway; long we journey'd side
by side;
Much with kindred hope were solac'd, much with kindred
anguish tried;

Had our transient jars and murmurs, had our purpose
to be blest,
In our brotherhood of travel, in our dreams of age and
rest,—

Yonder, where the tinted hawthorns scarlet poppy fields
enfold,
And the prodigal laburnum blooms in clust'ring globes
of gold.

Ended all!—and all is shadow, where but late a glory
shone,
And the wanderer, gray and fragile, walks the vacant
scene, alone.

Only now the phantom faces that in waking dreams
appear!
Only now the ærial voices that the heart alone can hear!

Round and red the sun is sinking, lurid in his misty
light
Faintly sighs the wind of evening, coldly falls the brood-
ing night.

Fare thee well,—forever parted, speeding onward in the
day
Where, through God's supernal mercy, human frailties
drop away!

Fare thee well; while o'er thy ashes softly tolls the
funeral knell,—
Peace, and love, and tender memory! So, forever, fare
thee well!

CORONAL FOR STEDMAN

Comrade and friend! what tribute shall I render?
Roses and lilies bloom no more for me,
And naught remains, of Fancy's squandered splendor,
Save marish flowers that fringe a sombre sea.

But were each word a rose, each thought a blessing,
Each prayer a coronal of gems divine,
Honor, and love, and perfect trust confessing,
My words, my thoughts, my prayers should all be thine.

For thou hast kept the faith: thy soul undaunted,
Whatever storms might round thee rage and roll,
By one celestial passion still enchanted,
Has held its course right onward to its goal.

No sordid aim, no worldly greed, beguiling,
Could ever wile thy constant heart astray;
No vine clad, Circean, Cyprian Muses smiling,
Allure thy footsteps down the primrose way.

Thou hast not basely gathered thrift with fawning,
Nor worn a laurel that thou hast not won;
But, in thy zenith hour as in thy dawning,
The good thy nature willed thy hand has done.

On thy calm front the waves of trouble, broken,
Have backward surged and left thee regnant still;
Nor tempests of the soul, nor griefs unspoken,
Have e'er had power to shake thy steadfast will.

Thy glory cannot wane—for, were thy singing
Stilled at its source, through all the domes of fame,
In one great organ burst, superbly ringing,
The whole poetic choir would chant thy name!

Thy soul is music: from its deeps o'erflowing,—
With the glad freedom of the wild-bird's wing,
Where icy gales o'er sunlit seas are blowing,—
It sings because divinely born to sing.

No stain is on thy banner: grandly streaming,
Its diamond whiteness leads the tuneful host,
Forever in the front of honor beaming,
And they that know thee best must love thee most.

So rest: thy regal throne thou hast ascended:
The standards blaze, the golden trumpets ring,
And in one voice our loyal hearts are blended—
God bless the Poet, and God save the King!

THE CORNER STONE

No act in Beauty's service done,
With homage of the heart and brain
For all fair things beneath the sun,
Was ever done in vain.

The humblest deed, the lightest word,
Accordant to divine behest,
In Heaven's high temple seen and heard,
Is sanctified and blest.

Not for mechanic use alone,—
The arid toil of weary days,—
Is meant the consecrated stone
That proudly here we raise.

Broad based on truth we rear this fane,
The eternal heart, the eternal mind,
Whereby love, hope, and wisdom reign,
And peace for all mankind.

Here Justice, with her even scale
And blinded orbs, shall, sacred, stand,
With iron force and mercy frail,
Attent, on either hand.

Here, glorious in the blaze of day,
  Shall Order's radiant fountain rise,
O'er which the blissful lights that play
  Are lights of Paradise.

Here Power supreme, the people's will,
  More potent than the despot's nod,
Shall, throned in majesty, fulfil
  The awful will of God.

And long as through morn's silver haze
  Our golden isle of beauty gleams,
Or, softly fair in sunset rays,
  Fades to a land of dreams;

And long as Ocean's organ voice
  The music of the surge shall pour
In waves of rapture that rejoice
  To clasp our emerald shore;

So long this symbol shall endure,—
  In honor reared and humble awe,—
And show our favor'd realm secure
  In liberty and law.

THE SCEPTRE

The dark'ning shadows eastward slope,
And Evening, with her dewy urn,
Quenches the beacon orb of Hope,
To let the stars of Patience burn.

The paths grow dim, the low winds sigh,
The fluttering bird-notes faint and fail,
And slowly up the sombre sky
The sad moon wanders, cold and pale.

Yet on, for many a weary mile,
Our pilgrim marches still must wend,
Through brier and flood, by lane and stile,
Before we reach our journey's end.

What word will cheer the jaded nerve?
What thought inspire, as on we fare,
The baffled mind, so prone to swerve
Beneath the leaden wings of care?

Ah, Nature, when she made her toy,—
This wayward child of fire and clay,
The sport of every fickle joy
That ripples through his fleeting day,—

Gave him a fancy swift to breed
  Delusive dreams for every hour,—
Sirens that beckon and recede,
  And phantom moods of bliss and power.

Some from the stars and flowers distil
  The faith that these not vainly shine,—
That whispering wood, and rock-crowned hill,
  And murmuring stream are all divine.

Some for a vanished love bewail,—
  Her eyes, the starry orbs of fate,
And voice, more rich than summer gale,
  That make the heaven in which they wait.

Some, self-enamored, seem so dear,
  So sacred in their own kind eyes,
They cannot doubt what blossoms here
  Must bloom again in Paradise.

Some from the written lore of sage
  Evolve and shape the eternal plan;
Some boldly vaunt the inspired page,
  And claim immortal life for man.

So onward down the dark ravine,—
  Dim phantoms in a phantom night,—
We wander toward a realm unseen,
  Where nothing dwells but love and light.

Vain dreams! of mortal frailty wrought,
And nameless dread of nameless ill!
Man's sceptre is the regnant thought
And towering calm of human will!

One lesson comes to all that live,
One final truth their lives declare,—
That earth has nought but toil to give,
And nought to teach but how to bear:

The chastened calm of dumb assent,
Though hope should wither or should bloom,
Blind to all purpose or event,
And silent, 'neath the eyes of doom.

This, only this, remains of all
The morning pomp of young belief,—
That man, else Nature's abject thrall,
In royal will is Nature's chief.

Thought falters, faith is dazed with fear,
Earth keeps her secret, death is dumb:
This simply bears its burden here,
And dauntless fronts whate'er may come.

As some tall ship that braves the storm—
Straight out to sea her prow is bent,
Where broken, on her stalwart form,
The furies of the surge are spent:

Or, torn by rock and whelmed by wave,
  Exultant when her doom is met,
She rears above her ocean grave,
  And sinks with every standard set.

A WISH

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
  And call me by a tender name:
I will not care what others say,
  If only you remain the same!
I will not care how dark the night,
  I will not care how wild the storm:
Your love will fill my heart with light,
  And shield me close, and keep me warm.

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
  For else my life is little worth:
So shall your memory light my way,
  Although we meet no more on earth:
For while I know your faith secure,
  I ask no happier fate to see:
Thus to be loved by one so pure
  Is honor rich enough for me.

A GREETING

I

The sunset beams that backward flow
Illumine with their golden glow
Life's glim'ring plain,
And we, as side by side we wend,
Look to the Past, where darkly blend
Shadows of hopes and dreams, dear friend,
Pleasure and pain.

II

But there's no darkness on the track
Where we have journey'd! Looking back
O'er many a year,
By loving Fancy led, I deem
I still can see the roses gleam
And, sweet by many a murm'ring stream,
The violets peer.

III

So be it, till the light shall fail,
And, as we wander down the vale,
Our fate be blest,
By fond affection holding fast,
Only to think of pleasures past
With grateful hearts, and so, at last,
Find peace and rest.

TRIBUTE TO IRVING

I

If we could win from Shakespeare's river
The music of its murmuring flow,
With all the wild-bird notes that quiver
Where Avon's scarlet meadows glow;
If we could twine with joy at meeting
Their prayers who lately grieved to part,
Ah, then, indeed, our song of greeting
Might find an echo in his heart!

But though we cannot, in our singing,
That music and those prayers entwine,
At least we'll set our blue-bells ringing,
And he shall hear our whispering pine;
And these shall breathe a welcome royal,
In accents tender, sweet, and kind,
From lips as fond, and hearts as loyal
As any that he left behind.

II

Far off beyond the shining sea,
Where scarlet poppies glisten,

And daisies on the emerald lea
  Lift up their heads and listen,
Where Thames and Avon glance and glow,
  To-day the waters, straying,
Will murmur in their tranquil flow
  The words that we are saying.

Ah, not in parting hours alone
  Is fond affection spoken:
The love that weeps in sorrow's moan
  Still smiles in welcome's token.
Farewell, farewell our hearts will sigh,
  When void and dark his place is;
But 'Well for me' is England's cry,
  To him her love embraces!

Farewell, thou child of many a prayer!
  While lonely we deplore thee,
All crystal be the seas that bear,
  And skies that sparkle o'er thee.
Thy mother's heart, thy mother's lip
  Will soon once more caress thee;
We can but watch thy lessening ship,
  And, in our silence, bless thee!

But let the golden waves leap up
  While yet our hearts beat near him!
No bitter drop be in the cup
  With which our hope would cheer him!

Pour the red roses at his feet!
  Wave laurel boughs above him!
And if we part or if we meet,
  Be glad and proud to love him!

His life has made this iron age
  More grand and fair in story;
Illumed our Shakespeare's sacred page
  With new and deathless glory;
Refreshed the love of noble fame
  In hearts all sadly faring,
And lit anew the dying flame
  Of genius and of daring.

Long may his radiant summer smile
  Where Albion's rose is dreaming,
And over Art's Hesperian isle
  His royal banner streaming;
While every trumpet blast that rolls
  From Britain's lips to hail him
Is echoed in our kindred souls,
  Whose truth can never fail him.

On your white wings, ye angel years,
  Through roseate sunshine springing,
Waft fortune from all happier spheres,
  With garlands and with singing;
Make strong that tender heart, and true—
  That thought of heaven to guide him—
And blessings pour, like diamond dew,
  On her that walks beside him!

And when is said the last farewell,
So solemn and so certain,
And Fate shall strike the prompter's bell,
To drop the final curtain,
Be his, whom every muse hath blest,
That best of earthly closes,—
To sink to rest on England's breast,
And sleep beneath her roses.

III

Now fades across the glimmering deep, now darkly drifts away,
The royal monarch of our hearts, the glory of our day;
The pale stars shine, the night wind sighs, the sad sea makes its moan,
And we, bereft, are standing here, in silence and alone.

Gone every shape of power and dread his magic touch could paint;
Gone haunted Aram's spectral face, and England's martyred saint;
Gone Mathias, of the frenzied soul, and Louis' sceptred guile,
The gentle head of poor Lesurques, and Hamlet's holy smile.

No more in gray Messina's halls shall love and revel twine;
No more on Portia's midnight bowers the moon of summer shine;

No golden barge on Hampton's stream salute the perfumed shore;
No ghost on Denmark's rampart cliff affright our pulses more!

The morning star of art, he rose across the eastern sea
To wake the slumbering harp, and set the frozen fountain free;
Now, wrapt in glory's mist, he seeks his orient skies again;
And tender thoughts in sorrowing hearts are all that must remain. . . .

Slow fade, across a drearier sea, beneath a darker sky,
The dreams that cheer, the lights that lure, the baffled hopes that die:
Youth's trust, love's bliss, ambition's pride,—the white wings all are flown,
And memory walks the lonely shore, indifferent and alone.

Yet sometimes o'er that shadowy deep, by wandering breezes blown,
Float odors from Hesperian isles, with music's organ tone,
And something stirs within the breast, a secret, nameless thrill,
To say, though worn, and sear, and sad, our hearts are human still;—

If not the torrid diamond wave that made young life sublime,
If not the tropic rose that bloomed in every track of time,

If not exultant passion's glow, when all the world was fair,
At least one flash of heaven, one breath of Art's immortal air!

Ah, God, make bright, for many a year, on Beauty's heavenly shrine,
This hallowed fire that Thou hast lit, this sacred soul of Thine!
While love's sweet light and sorrow's tear,—life's sunshine dimmed with showers—
Shall keep for aye his memory green in these true hearts of ours!

FAITH

The rose that withered here will bloom again,
The voice, now hushed, resume the broken strain,
The song, now still'd, peal forth a note of bliss,
By angels heard, in happier world than this,
The tender smile relume the gentle face,
The mortal love survive in heavenly grace,
The noble mind renew its magic spell,
The tender heart beat on, and all be well!
So whispers patient Faith, and, far away,
Through Death's drear darkness breaks Life's golden day.

CORONATION ODE

I

Daughter and Mother of a line of kings,
With Heaven's morning light upon thy brow,
Who didst ordain thy earthly dower
Of golden fame and sovereign power
To him who wields old England's sceptre now,
Be with him in this hour,
This royal hour,—wafted on angel wings,
Superb, supreme, imperial,—that brings
His consecration to the Right Divine
That once was thine!
And thou, O England, from thy furthest bound,
And from the inmost depth of thy great heart,
Pour forth thy gladness, till his realm resound
With acclamation! He will ne'er depart
From her example, whose exalted sway,—
Like to the sun that makes and rules the day,—
Taught monarchs how to reign, and subjects to obey.

II

Hark to the joyous cry!
Round and round the world it rolls,—
From the tropics, from the poles,

Wheresoever England's royal banners fly,
And the happy echoes repeat it from the sky,—
Joy and praise that Fate's decree,
Making England great and free,
Grants a ruler such as he,—
EDWARD, whom, with one accord,
All the People hail their lord,
Placing on his head the crown
Of VICTORIA'S renown,
And, with many a fervent prayer,
Asking God to bind it there,
And with blessing consecrate
England's King and England's State!
  Hark to the joyous cry!
Crags, that tempt the eager sea,
  Mountains, smiling to the morn,
Brimming rivers, flowing free,
  Roses, that the meads adorn,
Clouds, that make proud Snowdon's wreath,
  Waves, that kiss sweet Ireland's shore,
Winds, that blow from Scotland's heath
  Blend their voices o'er and o'er,
And all the land breaks into flowers, to bless a merry throng,
And all the world is glad with hope, and jubilant with song!

III

Lo! through the vista of the storied Past
What forms come thronging, and what looks are cast
On him, by Heaven ordain'd, who grandly bears
The burden of an empire once was theirs!

With solemn passion in their awful eyes,
Spectral and cold, the phantom shapes arise!
Come, ye great kings, with more than mortal speech
Your peer to welcome and his heart to reach!
Regnant over hopes and fears,
Regnant over smiles and tears,
In your calm of wisdom come, and garner'd strength of years!
Whisper that the mountain peak
Must ever dwell alone,
But loudly of the fealty speak
That circles round his throne,—
His People's love, whatever foes assail him,
That knows him gentle, strong, and true, and nevermore will fail him!
Radiant the glories are
Your dying hands let fall,
But more resplendent far
His crown that blends them all,—
Holding your conquests and your fame enshrin'd
In the deep reverence of human kind,
Wherever nations own its mild control,
And names of glory blaze, to thrill the aspiring soul.

IV

Neither doubtful nor elate,
But calmly brave and simply great
Must be the ruler of the State,
On whom the destinies of empire wait,
When the dread Future speaks the word of Fate.

Not in the vanity of youth,
But in the ripeness of his days,
Unmoved by either blame or praise,
Knowing sorrow and knowing truth,
By wise experience school'd,
By steadfast duty rul'd,
And perfect love of his most royal mate,—
Noble, and gentle, and compassionate,—
Comes the Prince whom now we hail,
Vested with his People's might,
Foremost champion of the right,
Welding the league of nations to assail
The lingering foes of Freedom, and prevail,
Till all the earth is fair with peace, and glorious with light.

V

Peace! The holy word is said,—
Omen sacred, solemn, dread,—
In the temple of the dead!
Peace! And in his grandeur leave him,
Trusting ever, trusting all!
Let there be no doubt to grieve him,
And no idle word to vex his spirit's sacred thrall!
At the feet of God he stands,
And our hearts are in his hands.

LOUIS

A KINGLY name! and like a king
He wore it,—bearing mortal pain,
And ev'ry ill that Fate could bring,
With calm disdain.

A kingly name! a name of grace!
My heart repeats it, o'er and o'er,
With love and pride,—but his dear face
I see no more.

And I must never, never see,
In all this world of bleak distress,
Those eyes that only looked on me
To love and bless.

Those eyes, that spoke the constant mind,
That patient smile, that heart of gold,—
So true, so tender, and so kind,—
Are dark and cold.

A kingly name! But names of kings
Are shadows, and for me, bereft,
This shadow, 'mid substantial things,
Alone is left.

Yet not alone, while Thought can keep,
And deathless Love its glamor cast
To brighten, in the realm of sleep,
The sacred Past.

For faithful Memory fondly weaves
Her rainbow web of smiles and tears
O'er all that ruthless ruin leaves
Of treasur'd years:

The careless sports of Long Ago,
The scholar's calm, the comrade's mirth,
Quaint humor, and the poet's glow,
Transfig'ring earth:

And still Remembrance fondly dwells
On patience sweet, and courage high,
And gentle dignity that tells
The way to die.

His hope was blighted in its morn;
His life was blasted in its bloom;
But honor, love, and grief adorn
His early tomb.

And I, who should have gone before,
To light the path and point the way,
Remain, in anguish, to deplore
His darken'd day;

To wonder that the hand of doom
  Should smite the young, and grimly leave
Dejected age, in twilight gloom,
  To pine and grieve;

To look upon the vacant chair,
  To dream that, in a little while,
I shall again behold him there,
  And see him smile;

To love him, as with love divine,
  To mourn him with a father's tear,
To bless his slumber, and to shrine
  His memory here.

SUBMISSION

Who rusts inactive learns the bliss of toil;
Who sinks in toil has learned the bliss of rest;
And God, whose purpose is the good of all,
Knows best both when to give and when withhold.

RESIGNATION

I

Be patient and be wise! The eyes of death
Look on us with a smile: her soft caress,
That stills the anguish and that stops the breath,
Is Nature's ordination, meant to bless
Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness.
Be not afraid! The Power that made the light
In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high,
And gave us love, meant not that all should die,—
Like a brief day-dream, quench'd in sudden night.
Think that to die is but to fall asleep
And wake refresh'd where the new morning breaks,
And golden day her rosy vigor takes
From winds that fan eternity's far height,
And the white crests of God's perpetual deep.

II

'His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be!'
So the wise poet,—wisest of mankind,—
In admonition that should make us see,—
Though half distraught, and in our misery blind,—
That our sole refuge is the constant mind,
The steadfast purpose, brave, and strong, and free,
To bear affliction and to be resigned,—

Knowing that ruthless Time will one day rend
The veil that hides the deep that all must cross,
And that th' eternity to which we tend,—
Made precious with the soul of many a friend,—
Is richer, lovelier, holier for our loss;
Where crown'd with peace, as with a diadem,
Our lov'd ones long for us, even as we long for them.

VIOLA

A cloud of crystal, veined with gold
  Slow drifting in the rosy west
Is not more lovely to behold
  Than thou art,—and thy father's breast,
While fond affection holds her seat,
  Will keep that image of thy grace,
  Thy buoyant form, thy gentle face,
Thy spirit, ever blythe and sweet,—
In frolic and in love complete!
  And so, dear child,—though mountains rise
  Between us, and our brooding skies
  Are alien,—wheresoe 'er thou art,
Thy constant home is in thy father's heart.

THE RHYME OF THE VETERAN

A LINE or two
Of thanks to you
For memories that your words renew,—
The good, the bad,
The gay, the sad,
The rose, the fennel, and the rue,
The ancient ways,
The vanish'd days,
When heart and mind were all ablaze
With purpose true
To dare and do
Such deeds as might the world amaze!
They all come back,
A motley pack,
Or swift or slow, in Memory's track,
And, as they come,
Those phantoms dumb,
Of days and joys now gone to wrack,
I can but think,
The while I drink,
To those I lov'd when on life's brink,
Fate had been kind
(And I resign'd)
With them long since to let me sink:

For, old and drear,
I linger here,
And time glides on from year to year,
And all that lies
Beneath the skies
Is like what I am, bleak and sere.
Yet well I know
It is not so,
While violets spring and roses blow,
To those for whom
The lilies bloom
And Hope expands her roseate bow:
So let me smile,
And thus beguile
The prospect of life's closing mile,
Because for rest,
With all that's best,
I've but to wait a little while;
With patience wait,
Till, soon or late,
The moment comes of mortal fate,
And, freed from care,
I cleave the air
And vanish through the golden gate;—
That gate which hides
Our angel guides
To realms where heavenly love abides,
Where sorrows cease,
And, soothed to peace,
The fever of the soul subsides:

Or, so we deem,
And if it seem
The idle fabric of a dream,
'Twere better sure
Hope should endure
Than life be thought a demon's scheme!
So, pour the wine,
And while I twine
These wayward rhymes of Auld Lang Syne,
I'll drink to you,
The brave, the true,
The last in sacred Friendship's line!
The world is old,
The stars are cold,
The wolves of Time are fierce and bold:
But we'll not fear
The night that's near,
Nor ever doubt its morn of gold.

THIS BOOK

'Tis little, but 'tis witness of one soul,—
How life has curbed it to the just control
Of Duty, teaching that as first of good,
With humble faith and cheerful fortitude;
And so, by other heirs of joy and pain,
My voice, if heard at all, will not be heard in vain.

IN MEMORY OF CURTIS

I

Beneath the snow, beneath the daisies,
Beyond all thought of good or ill,
Beyond all blame, beyond all praises,
He sleeps,—whom we remember still;
Remember, honor, and deplore him,
As this our tribute fane may show,
The while our hearts are murm'ring o'er him
'Alas! if he could only know!'

II

He cannot know: the veil of sable,
The dense, impenetrable night,
O'er him has closed,—and all is fable,
Of things beyond our mortal sight!
Yet, we can love, and, having known him,—
That royal soul whom we revere,—
Our faithful hearts may well bemoan him!
Our homage well may crown him here!

III

He cannot know! Its vigil keeping,
Above him waves the solemn pine,
While o'er the sod, where he lies sleeping,
The wild rose and the bramble twine:

High up the curlews dart or cluster;
More near old ocean smiles or weeps;
And he is part of all the lustre
Of Nature's pomp wherein he sleeps.

IV

He lives in morning's wave of splendor;
He lives in evening's pensive gleam;
He lives in memories sweet and tender,
Where roses burn, where violets dream:
His image fills all sacred places,—
A shape that Time can never dim!
In life he hallowed all the graces,
And dead, all graces hallow him!

V

His was the will that never falter'd;
The promise that was always kept;
The stern resolve, that never alter'd;
The vigil heart, that never slept;
The generous wish to scatter blessings;
The purpose of celestial grace,
That has no life save in redressing
The wrongs that curse the human race!

VI

Our worldly schemes full soon are blighted,
Like them we dwindle and decay,
But let this shrine to him be plighted
Whose glory cannot pass away;

With whose pure name forever blended
  Virtue and Honor stand secure,
In fame that never can be ended,
  And, like that fame, it will endure!

THE VOICE OF THE BELL

In my tower, above the gate
Of the Western World, I watch and wait.
I warn: I welcome: I bid farewell:
I sound the pæan: I sound the knell:
Joy and sorrow by me are rung;
And the nation's heart is in my tongue.

W. L. S.

Pure soul and true! in bonds of doubt confined,
  At first he faltered, 'neath the pall of night;
Then, on the wings of his imperial mind,
  Soared to the sun and vanished in the light.

THE YELLOW ROSE

Ah, had we met in other days, before my soul had known
What 'tis to smile o'er ruined hopes, in mockery and alone,
Perchance it then had been my lot, which now can never be,
To make thy heart, that beats for none, beat warm and true for me.

But now the shadows round my way are gathering dark and grim,
The wind blows coldly off the shore, the lights are growing dim,
The angry waters rage and roar, and headlong through the night
From love, from hope, from thee, my barque goes plunging out of sight.

And so I waft my fond farewell across the darkening brine:
Thy heart can never, never bring the peace of love to mine:
There is no peace for evermore, in earth or heaven, for me—
But, oh, if this could once have been, how lovely life would be!

I see thee on the distant shore, in all thy glittering
grace,
The sunshine streaming round thy form, and hope upon
thy face;
And I shall see those glorious eyes and hear that voice
divine
Till fate has stilled this wayward heart,—but true till
death to thine.

Nor chance nor change can ever dim the glory of that
brow;
The light will shine forever there that shines upon thee
now;
And tempest-tost and far away, upon the sea of sin,
I yet shall know, though lost to me, there was a heaven
to win.

I did not think that time or grief could ever break the
pride
That lets my soul reveal the truth it now no more can
hide,
But lonely o'er the wreck of youth its fires are burning
yet,—
And, well for me if I had died or ever we had met!

A SOUVENIR

Ah, Lily, when my head lies low,
  In yonder quiet woodland dell,—
Where the wild-flowers will sweetly blow,
  Above the eyes that loved them well,—
How soon thy sorrow would depart
If word of mine could soothe thy heart!

Somewhere, some day, we meet again!
  Think this, and be this thought relief!
In life I have not brought thee pain;
  In death I must not bring thee grief.
Strew with the flowers of hope my pall,
And gently mourn, or not at all!

IN ABSENCE

To others let the sunbeams fly,—
Those smiles that dazzle, fade, and die,—
But give to me one ling'ring sigh,
As when you cast the roses by:
For then full surely I shall know
You were not glad that I should go,
But sometimes, in your heart, deplore
That we, on earth, must meet no more.

THE YOUNG HEART

As years drift on and joys decline,
And life, grown gray with duty,
Sees no more sparkle on the wine,
Nor on the lips of beauty,
How blest is he whose soul can keep
The sacred flame still gleaming,
That makes our days one mystic sleep
Of hoping and of dreaming!

THE OLD LOVE

If I could speak thy gentle grace,
Which far surpasses word,
This rhyme were sweeter, now I trace,
Than ever yet was heard;
For here would blend the morning's glee,
And peace of evening's close,
With music of the summer sea,
And fragrance of the rose.

But since affection's tender strain,
And passion's fervid line,
Would seem but idle, weak, and vain
To goodness such as thine,
Let all my life avouch thy worth,
And all my love thy praise!
For never woman walked on earth
In more angelic ways!

I've seen life's golden prime depart,
And evening, cold and gray,
With moaning winds that chill the heart,
Fall darkly round my way;
But, in thy pure affection blest,
My soul can still descry
One rift of sunshine in the west,
One hope that cannot die!

MEMORY

I

A TANGLED garden, bleak, and dry,
And silent, 'neath a dark'ning sky,
Is all that barren Age retains
Of costly Youth's superb domains.
Mute in its bosom, cold and lone,
A dial watches, on a stone;
The vines are sere, the haggard boughs
In dusky torpor dream and drowse;
The paths are deep with yellow leaves,
In which the wind of evening grieves;
And up and down, and to and fro,
One pale gray shadow wanders slow.

II

When now the fading sunset gleams
Across a glim'ring waste of dreams;
When now the shadows eastward fall,
And twilight hears the curlew's call;
When blighted now the lily shows,
And no more bloom is on the rose;
What phantom of the dying day
Shall gild the wanderer's sombre way,—

What new illusion of delight,
What magic, ushering in the night ?
For, deep beneath the proudest will,
The heart must have its solace still.

III

Ah, many a hope too sweet to last
Is in that garden of the Past,
And many a flower that once was fair
Lies cold, and dead, and wither'd there;
Youth's promise, trusted Friendship's bliss,
Fame's laurel, Love's enraptur'd kiss,
Beauty and strength,—the spirit's wings,—
And the glad sense of natural things,
And times that smile, and times that weep,—
All shrouded in the cells of sleep;
While o'er them careless zephyrs pass,
And sunbeams, in the rustling grass.

IV

So ends it all: but never yet
Could the true heart of love forget;
And grander sway was never known
Than his, who reigns on Memory's throne!
Though grim the threat and dark the frown
With which the pall of night comes down,
Though all the scene be drear and wild,
Life once was precious,—once it smiled,—

And in his dream he lives again
With ev'ry joy that crowned it then,
And no remorse of time can dim
The splendor of the Past for him.

V

The sea that round his childhood play'd
Still makes the music once it made,
And still in Fancy's chambers sing
The breezes of eternal Spring;
While, thronging youth's resplendent track,
The princes and the queens come back,
And everywhere the dreary mould
Breaks into Nature's green and gold!
It is not night,—or, if it be,
So let the night descend for me,
When Mem'ry's radiant dream shall cease,—
Slow lapsing into perfect peace.

PERDITA

I WATCHED your ship where, strong and bright,
She sailed into the gathering night
And sped away;
I saw the sunset colors die,
And gray gloom wrap the evening sky,
And veil the day.

I heard the cold waves on the shore
Their pensive sorrow o'er and o'er
In murmurs tell,
While, as the glimmering sea grew dim,
The wind sang low its vesper hymn,—
Farewell, Farewell.

What thoughts of blessing and of prayer
I wafted on the twilight air,
What fancies drear
Possessed my soul, no words could say,—
Yet holy angels, listening, may
Its homage hear.

I mused upon your parting word,
The low, sad whisper, scarcely heard,
Your angel face,

And,—fadeless flowers in memory's track,—
The happy days, that come not back,
Of fortune's grace:

Days when we roved on Avon's side,
Or wandered by the rushing tide
Of bickering Stour,
Or in the great cathedral strayed,—
Where to be worthy still I prayed
Of one so pure.

The sunset mist, the golden town,
When we strolled home from Harbledown,
The merry bands
Of rustic girls who bore, for sign
Of prospered toil, the fragrant vine
In tawny hands;

The quiet streets, as evening fell,
The minster's gloom, the solemn bell,
The scented air,
The rooks that thronged the giant trees,
The churchyard stones, and over these
The moonlight fair,—

I felt them all, as though that they
Had been the things of yesterday,
And chill regret
Preyed on my lonely heart, to think
How soon the stars of pleasure sink,
And we forget.

The Thames is flowing broad and free
'Neath that old bridge of Battersea,
Where, veiled in gloom,
Great St. John sleeps,—too sound to wake,
For all the vows that lovers make
Beside his tomb.

The emerald throstle's silver call
Is heard by Leic'ster's haunted hall,
And down the vale
Of Kenilworth the hawthorns wreath,
And roses tremble, underneath
The starlight pale.

The winds of night sigh softly through
The needles of St. Martin's yew,
And round the shrines
Of gray St. Nicholas the lone
And melancholy breezes moan,
And ivy twines.

From those proud cliffs that smile on France
You still might see the moonbeams dance
O'er midnight waves;—
Are all the reveries sublime
And holy thoughts of that sweet time
Lost in their graves?

Is the light faded, has the ray
Of heaven become the common day,

And from your breast
The careless warder Time let slip
The sense of fond companionship
That was its guest ?

I will not think it—though, for me,
By day or night, by land or sea,
Ah, nevermore
Can those exalted moments seem
Like aught but some bewildered dream
Of fairy lore !

I do not think it : those clear eyes
The light that burns in Paradise
Is shining through ;
And all that radiant woman brought
Of holy faith and heavenly thought
Is shrined in you !

Farewell, farewell ! the sands of gold
Have run their course, the tale is told,
And dark and fast
Night closes round my wandering way,—
As round the set of that sad day
Which was our last.

Yet ever, while we walk this earth,
In shade or shine, in grief or mirth,
While life endures,
One thought must still our hearts entwine,—
And naught can take your place in mine,
Nor mine in yours.

ELEGY FOR MANSFIELD

For me terrestrial mountains rise;
For thee celestial rivers run;
My steps are 'neath familiar skies,
But thine in realms beyond the sun.

This peaceful scene, that does not change,
This smiling vale, so fair to see,
Those lonely plains, that mountain range,
So glorious,—all were known to thee.

For many a year, in shade or shine,
When life was gay, when life was drear,
Thy friendly hand was clasped in mine,
Thy form was oft beside me here.

Now, though I sought through ev'ry land,
I should not feel, in any place,
The pressure of thy loving hand,
Nor hear thy voice, nor see thy face.

So friendship fades, so love departs,
So living joy becomes a name
Shrin'd in the depth of breaking hearts,—
And yet the world remains the same.

The roses bloom, the fields are green,
  The branches wave, the streamlets flow,—
For Nature, ruffled or serene,
  Is deaf and blind to human woe.

Thy mind to Beauty was subdued,
  In Beauty's service thou wert blest,—
Stern warrior in the bitter feud
  That would not let thy spirit rest:

The feud that wakes angelic rage,
  The strife in which so many tire,
The deadly war that Art must wage
  With mean intent and low desire.

Sleep sweetly, noble heart and true!
  The tempest of thy life is o'er;
Nor baffled hope, nor pang of rue,
  Nor any grief can wound thee more!

Sleep sweetly, in that hallow'd dell,
  Far off, beside the solemn sea,
Where tears and prayers will, constant, tell
  The love that lives to mourn for thee.

There wild-flowers, emblems of thy soul,
  Around thy tomb will bud and blow,
While Ocean's melancholy roll
  Will chaunt thy requiem, soft and low.

There oft the pilgrim's musing gaze
  Will linger on the votive stone
That mutely tells to future days
  Thy power and charm, forever flown.

And there, in golden time to come,
  When all the clamor of our day
Has sunk to silence, and the hum
  Of vain detraction died away,

Fame's Angel, hov'ring o'er thy rest,
  His amaranthine bough will wave,
Proclaiming—Here lies Glory's guest,
  Here Genius sleeps in MANSFIELD'S grave!

AGE

SNOW and stars, the same as ever
  In the days when I was young,—
But their silver song, ah never,
  Never now is sung!

Cold the stars are, cold the earth is,
  Everything is grim and cold!
Strange and drear the sound of mirth is—
  Life and I are old!

THE BROKEN HARP

If this now silent harp could wake,
How pure, how strong, how true
The tender strain its chords would make
Of love and grief for you!
But, like my heart, though faithful long,
By you cast forth to pain,
This hushed and humbled voice of song
Must never stir again.

Yet, haply, when your fancy strays
O'er unregarded things,
And half in dream your gentle gaze
Falls on its shattered strings,
Some loving impulse may endear
Your memories of the past,
And if for me you shed one tear
I think 'twould wake at last:

Wake with a note so glad, so clear,
So lovely, so complete,
That birds on wing would pause to hear
Its music wild and sweet;
And you would know,—alas! too late,—
How tender and how true
Is this fond heart, that hugs its fate,
To die for love and you.

MISERRIMUS

The torment of consuming thought,
That vulture of the breast,
Must bide with me till Death has brought
The benison of rest;
But when the weary watch I keep
In Time has past away,
Ah, let my sleep be long and deep,—
Forever and a day!

More ghost than man, a fleeting wraith,
Affrighted and aghast,
I wander 'mid the wrecks of faith
And ashes of the past:
Bleak o'er my life the winds that sweep
Have left it cold and gray;
Ah, let my sleep be long and deep,—
Forever and a day!

I've joy'd; I've mourn'd; I've lov'd and lost
The pearl of human bliss;
My spirit has been tempest-tost
On a fair demon's kiss:
For me no woman's love will weep,
No woman's heart will pray:
Ah, let my sleep be long and deep,—
Forever and a day!

I've suffer'd : words could never tell
The bitterness of wrong !
My heart has been affliction's hell,
While peace was all my song :
I'm weary : I'd be glad to creep
Into my bed of clay :
Ah, let my sleep be long and deep,—
Forever and a day !

T. B. A.

I lay this rose upon your grave, dear comrade, fond and true ;
I never thought the time would come when I should mourn for you.
I was the elder of the twain, my hair has long been white,
And I have long been ready for the coming of the night.
I thought that you would sometimes stand beside my place of rest,
And call to mind our days of youth, so careless and so blest,
And think upon our happy times, when all the world was young,
The phantom hopes that lured us, and the songs that once we sung ;
But, old and sad and weary, I still must here abide,
While you are with the lads who throng upon the other side.
Well—they know that still I love them, and that one day I shall be,
As they are, and as you are, forever young and free.

ON THE VERGE

Out in the dark it throbs and glows—
The wide, wild sea, that no man knows!
The wind is chill, the surge is white,
And I must sail that sea to-night.

You shall not sail! The breakers roar
On many a mile of iron shore,
The waves are livid in their wrath,
And no man knows the ocean path.

I must not bide for wind or wave:
I must not heed, though tempests rave;
My course is set, my hour is known,
And I must front the dark, alone.

Your eyes are wild, your face is pale,—
This is no night for ships to sail!
The hungry wind is moaning low,
The storm is up—you shall not go!

'Tis not the moaning wind you hear—
It is a sound more dread and drear,
A voice that calls across the tide,
A voice that will not be denied.

Your words are faint, your brow is cold,
Your looks grow sudden gray and old,
The lights burn dim, the casements shake,—
Ah, stay a little, for my sake!

Too late! Too late! The vow you said
This many a year is cold and dead,
And through that darkness, grim and black,
I shall but follow on its track.

Remember all fair things, and good,
That e'er were dream'd or understood,
For they shall all the Past requite,
So you but shun the sea to-night!

No more of dreams! Nor let there be
One tender thought of them or me,—
For on the way that I must wend
I dread no harm and need no friend!

The golden shafts of sunset fall
Athwart the gray cathedral wall,
While o'er its tombs of old renown
The rose-leaves softly flutter down.

No thought of holy things can save
One relic now from Mem'ry's grave,
And be it sun, or moon, or star,
The light that falls must follow far!

I mind the ruined turrets bold,
The ivy, flush'd with sunset gold,
The dew-drench'd roses, in their sleep,
That seemed to smile, and yet to weep.

There'll be nor smile nor tear again;
There'll be the end of ev'ry pain;
There'll be no parting to deplore,
Nor love nor sorrow any more.

I see the sacred river's flow,
The barge in twilight drifting slow,
While o'er the daisi'd meadow swells
The music of the vesper bells.

It is my knell,—so far away!
The night wears on,—I must not stay!
My canvas strains before the gale,—
My cables part, and I must sail!

* * * * * *

Loud roars the sea! The dark has come:
He does not move,—his lips are dumb.—
Ah, God receive, on shores of light,
The shattered ship that sails to-night!

THE RUBICON

I

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

II

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

III

One motion—and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then, onward! Whatsoe'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate
Can touch me there.

NOTES

NOTES

THESE poems, which have been chosen from among hundreds that I have written, are the only ones that I care to preserve. Most of them have come to me of their own accord, not having been compelled or even sought. They are the vagrant children of my love, and perhaps parental partiality has blinded my judgment and induced me to expect for them a survivance to which they are not entitled, and therefore not destined. I have thought, however, that they express, for others not less than for their writer, representative moods of feeling and representative phases of experience. The desire is honorable and natural to add something, not wholly unworthy, to those sacred treasures of English lyrical poetry of which gentleness is the soul and simplicity the garment. In arranging the poems I have tried to follow the line of transition, which is of universal knowledge, from the period of youth, love, and hope, to the period of age, contemplation, and memory; but the line is, unavoidably, vague. The poems that celebrate persons and places will, perhaps, commend themselves to sympathy because of the interest inherent in the subjects to which they relate. The notes which here follow are explanatory of personal allusions and memorial incidents.

ORGIA.—That poem has had a singular experience, the authorship of it having been, periodically, ascribed to

various drunkards, lunatics, suicides, and other such eccentric persons, in whose pockets, after death, manuscript copies of it have been found,—in a state of mangled metre and bad grammar. I wrote it, December 10, 1859, in Boston, and it was published, January 7, 1860, in "The New York Saturday Press."

The Ordeal.—That poem was delivered by me, May 4, 1885, at the dedication of the Actors' Memorial to the poet Poe, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It was not written for any occasion, but I thought it appropriate to that one. Its original title was Love and Death. Poe's parents were actors.

Jubel.—A Hebrew word, signifying the sound of a trumpet, and therefore indicative of the note of triumph, which this poem is designed to express.

Ada.—Written to commemorate a dearly loved friend, Ada Clare, who died on May 4, 1874, of hydrophobia, having been bitten by a pet dog. She was a woman of extraordinary beauty, and not less good than beautiful. She was buried at Hammonton, N. J.

Asleep, and The Broken Harp.—Both those poems were set to music by my dear friend, the lamented Richard Mansfield. The melodies that he composed for them are tender and lovely, and he often sang them, with deep feeling and fine effect.

Elegy for Mansfield.—Written at Mentone, California, in the beautiful vale of San Bernardino, on hearing of the death of my friend Richard Mansfield. It is

to the magnificent scenery of that place that the opening stanzas of this poem allude.

The poem of THE BROKEN HARP, written while driving in the vale of the Dargle, near Dublin, was prompted by the sight of one of those little harps, made of bog-oak,—the strings being, in part, broken,—that are found among the souvenirs sold to travellers who visit the storied and deeply interesting capital city of Ireland.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—This poem possesses, for me, a kind of sanctity, because its words are the last ever read by my dear friend, the great tragedian EDWIN BOOTH.

BROUGHAM.—This tribute to the Irish comedian JOHN BROUGHAM was read by me at a festival in his honor, at the Lotos Club, New York, June 4, 1874, when he had made known the intention,—which, however, he did not fulfil,—of returning to his native land.

A WELCOME.—Read at a banquet to the eminent English comedian, JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, August 6, 1874, to greet him on his arrival in America.

COMRADES.—Read at festival in honor of the comedian GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE, August 29, 1875. Rowe was distinguished for the versatility of his talents and the fluency of his blithe humor. He was born at Exeter, England; he died at New York, August 30, 1889.

POE.—Read at the dedication of a monument at the grave of the poet POE, in Westminster churchyard, Baltimore, November 19, 1875.

The Voice of the Silence.—This title, originated by me, was subsequently taken and used, in the same sense, by a writer on "theosophy." The poem was delivered by me before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, June 6, 1876.

Edelweiss.—At a festival, November 30, 1878, in honor of the noble comedian John Gilbert, who on that date completed his fiftieth year as an actor, I delivered an address, closing it with that poem. Gilbert, born February 27, 1810, died June 17, 1889.

At Shakespeare's Grave.—Written, 1889, in the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon, in which Shakespeare is buried. Originally called Ashes,—because significant of all that is left when the fire of life has been extinguished.

A Pledge.—Read by me before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Albany, New York, June 18, 1879. Originally called A Pledge to the Dead.

Holmes.—On the occasion of the Atlantic Festival, which occurred at the Brunswick Hotel, Boston, December 3, 1879, to commemorate the seventieth birthday of the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes, I delivered this poem. Holmes was born August 29, 1809.

A Lotos Flower.—To signalize, March 27, 1880, the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Lotos Club.

Fidele.—Commemorative of the actress Adelaide Neilson, who died suddenly, at Paris, August 15, 1880, in the perfection of her genius and beauty and in the meridian of her professional renown.

At Arlington.—This poem was delivered by me in course of exercises in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., May 31, 1880.

A Farewell.—Written in honor of the tragedian John McCullough, 1832–1885, and read by me, at a farewell festival to him, April 4, 1881, on the eve of his departure for England, to fulfil an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, London.

The Passing Bell.—It is an accepted tradition in Stratford-upon-Avon that the bell of the Guild Chapel was tolled on occasion of the death and also of the funeral of Shakespeare. This poem was written at the Red Horse, Stratford, September 14, 1890.

Lawrence Barrett.—Written as a farewell greeting to that noble actor, June 7, 1881, on the eve of his departure for England, to fulfil a professional engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

A Reverie.—My comrade in youth, the poet George Arnold, 1834–1865, is portrayed in this poem.

Amaranth.—A tribute to William Warren, one of the most distinguished comedians of the nineteenth century. Performances occurred at the Museum, Boston, October 28, 1882, to signalize the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage. At midnight, after the play, at a supper in the comedian's home, No. 2 Bulfinch Place, a Loving Cup was presented to him,—the gift of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, John McCullough, and Lawrence Barrett,—and, in offering that token, I read this poem.

William Warren, born at Philadelphia, November 17, 1812, died at Boston, September 21, 1888. The Loving Cup here mentioned was by him bequeathed to Joseph Jefferson, and by Jefferson was bequeathed to "The Players," New York, among the treasures of which club it is preserved.

Good-Night.—The last words spoken to me by my old friend William A. Seaver, the genial humorist of "Harper's Magazine," were "Good-night, my boy," and that poem depicts him as he was known to me. His death occurred on January 7, 1883, at Mount Vernon, New York.

Arthur.—Commemorates my son, Arthur Winter; born April 5, 1872; died January 24, 1886.

Raymond.—Epitaph for an actor, deeply lamented and not forgotten. His grave is in the Actors' burial ground, at Evergreen Cemetery, Long Island, marked with a stone bearing my lines, preceded by the following inscription:

This monument, the gift of many affectionate friends, is placed here in loving memory of John T. Raymond, comedian. He was born in Buffalo, New York, April 5, 1836. He died in Evansville, Indiana, April 10, 1887.

"Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet."

Anubis.—The name of the Egyptian deity who was believed to preside over the transit of souls across the river of death. I delivered this poem at the dedication

of the Actors' Monument, in their burial ground at Evergreen Cemetery, June 6, 1887. The monument is inscribed with two lines from Shakespeare:

> "The benediction of these covering heavens
> Fall on their heads like dew."

It also bears these inscriptions, written by me:

In loving memory of many votaries of the stage, whose ashes are buried near it, this monument was placed by the Actors' Fund of America, June 6, 1887.

Here to your eyes, our earthly labors done,
We, who played many parts, now play but one.
We knew the stops, could give the viol breath,
But now are only monitors of death:
Yet even thus our relics may impart
A truth beyond the reach of living art,—
Teaching the strong, the beautiful, the brave,
That all life's pathways centre in the grave;
Bidding them live, nor negligent nor fond,
To bless this world, yet ever look beyond.

Sir Percival.—A tribute, December 17, 1887, to Lester Wallack, the most brilliant actor of high comedy on the American stage in his time. He was born at New York, January 1, 1820; he died at Stamford, Connecticut, September 6, 1888.

The Statue.—Spoken by me at the dedication of a monument at the grave of John McCullough, in Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, November 28, 1888. The monument bears an effigy of the actor, and the poem is an apostrophe to it.

Laurel.—Both those poems, in honor of the eminent statesman Whitelaw Reid,—the Halifax of American political life in our time,—were spoken by me on occasions of festival: the first, on May 3, 1889, at Delmonico's, New York, when Mr. Reid was about to sail for France, to assume the office of American Minister to the Republican Court of that country; the second, on April 30, 1892, at the Lotos Club, upon his return from that distinguished mission.

Heaven's Hour.—Written on hearing organ music, at night, in the Shakespeare church, at Stratford, September 18, 1890.

Florence.—Epitaph, for William James Florence, comedian, once widely known and highly distinguished. He was born at Albany, New York, July 26, 1831; he died at Philadelphia, November 19, 1891. His grave is in Greenwood, and those lines of mine are on his tombstone.

Rupert, and In Memory of Curtis.—The first of these poems, commemorative of George William Curtis, was written soon after his death: the second was contributed by me to exercises incident to the dedication of the Curtis Lyceum, at New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, February 24, 1908. Curtis, born at Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824, died at West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, August 31, 1892. His grave is in the old Moravian Cemetery, Staten Island.

Tribute to Jefferson.—Written at sea, aboard the steamship *New York*, October 17, 1895, and contributed

to exercises in honor of that great comedian, JOSEPH JEFFERSON, at the Garden Theatre, New York, November 8, 1895.

LINES TO A GHOST.—Written on the fly-leaf of my Folio, 1681, of the works of that noble old English poet, ABRAHAM COWLEY, beneath the inscription, by a former owner of the precious volume: "Elizabeth Butler—Her Book—1692."

ELEGY FOR BROMLEY.—Written at Santa Catalina Island, Pacific Ocean, August 27, 1898, on hearing of the death of a comrade, the brilliant journalist, ISAAC H. BROMLEY, who died August 11, at Norwich, Connecticut.

CORONAL FOR STEDMAN.—At a meeting of the Authors' Club, New York, December 6, 1900, I delivered an address, in honor of the poet EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, closing it with that poem. Stedman, born at Hartford, Connecticut, October 8, 1833, died at New York, January 18, 1908. We were intimate friends for nearly fifty years.

THE CORNER STONE.—This poem was delivered by me at the laying of the corner stone of the Richmond Borough Hall, at New Brighton, Staten Island, May 21, 1904. My lines called THE VOICE OF THE BELL are inscribed on the bell in the tower of that building.

A GREETING.—Sent on April 23, 1898, to my loved and honored friend, that remarkable actress and still more remarkable woman, MRS. G. H. GILBERT.

Anne Hartley, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, born October 21, 1822, at Rochdale, England, died December 2, 1904, in

the Sherman House, Chicago. Her grave is in Greenwood.

Tribute to Irving.—Those three poems were delivered by me, at festivals, in New York, in honor of that illustrious actor Henry Irving, 1838–1905: the first, on November 18, 1883; the second, on April 29, 1884; the third, on April 6, 1885.

Coronation Ode.—Written at the request of Henry Irving, who wished and intended to recite it, at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the evening of the memorable day when King Edward VII was crowned, in Westminster Abbey. The royal command that theatres should be closed on that occasion prevented the fulfilment of the great actor's intention.

Louis.—Commemorates my son, Louis Victor Winter. He was born at New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, July 17, 1873; he died at Redlands, California, February 17, 1905.

The Rhyme of the Veteran.—Written on my seventieth birthday, July 15, 1906.

W. L. S.—William Law Symonds, a comrade of mine in 1860. He was born at Raymond, Maine, April 29, 1833; he died at New York, January 18, 1862. His writings, compiled and edited by me, with a sketch of his life, were privately printed, in 1908, under the direction of his devoted brother, Hon. Joseph W. Symonds, of Portland. He was a man of great intellect and varied

and comprehensive learning, remarkable for nobility of character and beauty of life.

MISERIMUS.—When walking and musing in the precincts of the beautiful Cathedral of Worcester, England, I saw that word,—with no other,—on a stone in the pavement, marking a tomb. A more pathetic epitaph could not be conceived. Remembrance of it has long haunted my mind, and it suggested this poem.

THE VICTOR.—This poem records my remembrance and estimate of my old comrade, CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE, who died,—alone and after much trial and suffering,—April 12, 1891.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WINTER

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

LINE	POEM	PAGE
A calm cold face as white and clear	Predestined	43
A cloud of crystal veined with gold	Viola	265
A heart of sunshine, and a face	A Fancy	15
A kingly name! and like a king	Louis	261
A line or two	The Rhyme of the Veteran	266
A perfume that all sense delights	A Welcome	89
A raven flew over the house-top	Omen	31
A tangled garden, bleak and dry	Memory	277
Ah, had we met in other days, before my soul had known	The Yellow Rose	272
Ah, Lily, when my head lies low	A Souvenir	274
All the flowers were in their pride	Rupert	219
Alone, at night, he heard them sigh	Longfellow	160
And O to think the sun can shine	Fidele	139
Angel of Grief! thy spectral passage winging	The Ordeal	60
As years drift on and joys decline	The Young Heart	275
At morning, when the march began	Comrades	97
Because in danger's darkest hour	Laurel	202
Because love's token is a sigh	Questions	20
Beneath the midnight moon of May	The Night Watch	28
Beneath the snow, beneath the daisies	In Memory of Curtis	269
Beneath the still November sky	George Arnold	73

LINE	POEM	PAGE
Be patient and be wise ! The eyes of death.	Resignation	264
Black rocks upon the ragged coast	Accomplices	50
Bright on the sparkling sod to-day	The Voice of the Silence	102
Bring poppies for a weary mind	The White Flag	68
Bring withered autumn leaves	Requiem	40
But yesterday he was our little child	The Difference	187
By Virtue cherished, by Affection mourned.	Florence	218
Cold is the pæan honor sings	Poe	100
Come with a smile, when come thou must.	The Angel of Death	151
Comrade and friend ! what tribute shall I render	Coronal for Stedman	242
Can I forget?—no, never while my soul	Heaven's Hour	216
Could we but feel that our lost ones are near us	Anubis	189
Daughter and mother of a line of kings	Coronation Ode	257
Dear heart, and true, in the seasons fled	After Long Years	212
Early, but not too early for thy fame	Not Forgotten	184
Everything my heart would say	With a Handful of Roses	23
Fairy spirits of the breeze	Unwritten Poems	30
Far off beyond the shining sea	Tribute to Irving (II)	251
For me terrestrial mountains rise	Elegy for Mansfield	284
Freed from the strife of this world, and the scorn of it	The Victor	217
From the lily of love that uncloses	A Pledge	113
"Good-night, my boy;" and with a smile.	Good-Night	174
Green trees, and grassy fields, and sunset light	In Peace	159
He loves not well whose love is bold	The Queen	21
He knelt beside her pillow, in the dead watch of the night	Asleep	80

LINE	POEM	PAGE
Her young face is softly fair	An Ideal	16
Here's a health to the lass with the merry blue eyes	Blue and Black	201
His barque will fade, in mist and night	Edwin Booth	136
His restless spirit, while on earth he dwelt	Raymond	188
How different now, old friend, the meeting	The Statue	195
If buds by hope of spring are blessed	Brougham	86
If I could speak thy gentle grace	The Old Love	276
If now this silent harp could wake	The Broken Harp	287
If that glad song had ebbed away	Holmes	120
If this were all, if lost with those that perish	At Arlington	130
If we could win from Shakespeare's river	Tribute to Irving (I)	251
I had a dream, one glorious, summer night	Beauty	13
I know not if thy charm it be	Elsie	237
I lay this rose upon thy grave, dear comrade, fond and true	T. B. A.	289
I watched your ship where strong and bright	Perdita	280
In dusky gloom she sits apart	Ebb Tide	177
In my tower, above the gate	The Voice of the Bell	271
In pursuing the Muse you will find that the jade is	What's In a Name	206
It droops and dies in morning light	The Undertone	41
It comes into my mind, in a genial mood	The Merry Monarch	125
It is not that she's far away	Changed	32
It is the law of streams to run	Circe	34
It was *thy book;* it now is mine	Lines to a Ghost	233
Long he slumbers: will he waken, greeting, as he used to do	Monody for Augustin Daly	238
Long hushed is the harp that his glory had spoken	A Farewell	146
Look not upon the wine when it	Up or Down	124

LINE	POEM	PAGE
Love bids me twine	A Bridal Rhyme	231
Love never dies, that harbors in a jest	Love Untold	129
Midnight and moonlight encircle her slumbers	Victoria	26
More strange than death to all regrets	The White Rose	37
No act in Beauty's service done	The Corner Stone	244
No eyes can see man's destiny completed	At Shakespeare's Grave	112
Not made by worth, nor marred by flaw	Dead Leaves	35
Not only to give light those urns	Symbols	19
Now fades across the glimmering deep, now darkly drifts away	Tribute to Irving (III)	254
Now she lies here, dead before you	Across the Pall	141
Often and often, when the days were dark	In Memory of Wilkie Collins	214
Of vain regret the heaviest yoke	Regret	140
On roseate shores, in evening's glow	Homeward Bound	81
One name I shall not forget	Violet	179
One other bitter drop to drink	The Rubicon	293
Ordained to work the heavenly will	The Harbinger	93
Out in the dark it throbs and glows	On the Verge	290
Pure soul and true! in bonds of doubt confined	W. L. S.	271
Red globes of autumn strew the sod	Amaranth	170
Rosy days of youth and fancy	Old Days and Loves	208
Seeming empty to the eye	With a Casket	232
Set your face to the sea, fond lover	The Refuge	39
Shrined among their crystal seas	Iona	226
Snow and stars, the same as ever	Age	286
Sore and sad has been my heart	My Little Child	210
Spirit of beauty, haunt me not	The Veiled Muse	156

LINE	POEM	PAGE
Spring will return, and woods grow green.	Ada	75
Sweet bell of Stratford, tolling slow	The Passing Bell	116
Sweet oblivion, blood of grape	Lethe	56
Surge up in wanton waves to-day	Jubel	71
The apples are ripe in the orchard	After All	108
The bard of Rydal Mount spake well	Nature	101
The clouds drift and the rivers flow	Idleness	72
The dark'ning shadows eastward slope	The Sceptre	246
The dirge is sung, the ritual said	Elegy for Bromley	234
The future and the past are blended	Full-Circle	51
The lonely sailor, when the night	The Signal Light	127
The lonesome road winds down the mountain side	A Picture	119
The lonesome wind of autumn grieves	The Churchyard	149
The moonbeams on the water sleep	The Sequel	182
The night-wind that sobs in the trees	The Night-Wind	176
The peace of this autumnal day	A Reverie	163
The rose that withered here will bloom again	Faith	256
The sere leaves rustle in the moaning blast	Never	140
The songs that should greet him are songs of the mountain	Tribute to Jefferson	229
The star I worship shines alone	Egeria	168
The stroller in the pensive field	The Lover	18
The sunset beams that backward flow	A Greeting	250
The torture of consuming thought	Miserimus	288
The violets that you gave are dead	Relics	29
There's a lurid light in the clouds to-night.	The Wrecker's Bell	44
There's a mossy, sunken grave	Erebus	55
There's a region afar from earth	Beyond the Dark	78
They rose in beauty on the plains	My Palaces	199
They walked beside the summer sea	No More	110
Think of me as your friend, I pray	A Wish	249

LINE	POEM	PAGE
This is the place where he brought her home	The Outcast	144
Though still the heart of twilight grieves	A Lotos Flower	123
'Tis little, but 'tis witness of one soul	This Book	268
To others let the sunbeams fly	In Absence	275
True heart! upon the current of whose love	Incense	22
Well, since our lot must be to part	An Empty Heart	224
What though I sing no other song	The Golden Silence	158
Where, pure and pale, the starlight streams	Edelweiss	111
When from his gaze our shores receding	Lawrence Barrett	153
When shuts the rose, when the long gloaming dies	Remember	225
When you shall walk in pensive mood	Now	33
While Evening waits and hearkens	At Stratford	178
While pale with rage the wild surf springs	At Anchor	135
White clouds, lone wand'ring o'er the wastes that sever	A Lost Love	42
White daisies on the meadow green	Homage	24
White sail upon the ocean verge	Arthur	185
Who cares for nothing alone is free	Orgia	52
Who rusts inactive learns the bliss of toil	Submission	263
With a glimmer of plumes and a sparkle of lances	Sir Percival	193
With diamond dew the grass was wet	Constance	117

TITLE INDEX

	PAGE
Accomplices	50
Across the Pall	141
Ada	75
After All	108
After Long Years	212
Age	286
Amaranth	170
Angel of Death, The	151
Anubis	189
Arnold, George	73
Arthur	185
Asleep	80
At Anchor	135
At Arlington	130
At Shakespeare's Grave	112
At Stratford	178
Barrett, Lawrence	153
Beauty	13
Beyond the Dark	78
Blue and Black	201
Booth, Edwin	136
Bridal Rhyme, A	231
Broken Harp, The	287
Bromley, Elegy for	234
Brougham	86
Changed	32
Churchyard, The	149
Circe	34
Collins, Wilkie, In Memory of	214
Comrades	97
Constance	117
Coronation Ode	257

PAGE
Corner Stone, The ... 244
Curtis, In Memory of ... 269

Daly, Augustin, Monody for ... 238
Dead Leaves ... 35
Difference, The ... 187

Ebb Tide ... 177
Edelweiss ... 111
Egeria ... 168
Elsie ... 237
Empty Heart, An ... 224
Erebus ... 55

Faith ... 256
Fancy, A ... 15
Farewell, A ... 146
Fidele ... 139
Florence : An Epitaph ... 218
Full-Circle ... 51

Golden Silence, The ... 158
Good-Night ... 174
Greeting, A ... 250

Harbinger, The ... 93
Heaven's Hour ... 216
Holmes ... 120
Homage ... 24
Homeward Bound ... 81

Ideal, An ... 16
Idleness ... 72
In Absence ... 275
In Peace ... 159
Incense ... 22
Iona ... 226
Irving, Tribute to, I. ... 251
Irving, Tribute to, II. ... 251
Irving, Tribute to, III. ... 254

PAGE
Jefferson, Tribute to 229
Jubel 71

Laurel 202
Lethe 56
Lines to a Ghost 233
Longfellow 160
Lost Love, A 42
Lotos Flower, A 123
Louis 261
Love Untold 129
Lover, The 18

Mansfield, Elegy for 284
Memory 277
Merry Monarch, The 125
Miserimus 288
My Little Child 210
My Palaces 199

Nature 101
Never 140
Night Watch, The 28
Night Wind, The 176
No More 110
Not Forgotten 184
Now 83

Old Days and Loves 208
Old Love, The 276
Omen 31
On the Verge 290
Ordeal, The 60
Orgia 52
Outcast, The 144

Passing Bell, The 116
Perdita 280
Picture, A 119

PAGE
Pledge, A ... 113
Poe ... 100
Predestined ... 43

Queen, The ... 21
Questions ... 20

Raymond : An Epitaph ... 188
Refuge, The ... 39
Rhyme of the Veteran, The ... 266
Regret ... 140
Relics ... 29
Remember ... 274
Requiem ... 40
Resignation ... 264
Reverie, A ... 163
Rubicon, The ... 293
Rupert ... 219

Sceptre, The ... 246
Sequel, The ... 182
Signal Light, The ... 127
Sir Percival ... 193
Souvenir, A ... 274
Statue, The ... 195
Stedman, Coronal for ... 242
Submission ... 263
Symbols ... 19

T. B. A ... 289
This Book ... 268

Undertone, The ... 41
Unwritten Poems ... 30
Up or Down ... 124

Veiled Muse, The ... 156
Viola ... 265
Violet ... 179
Victor, The ... 217

PAGE
Victoria 26
Voice of the Bell, The 271
Voice of the Silence, The 102

Welcome, A 89
What's In a Name 206
White Flag, The 68
White Rose, The 37
With a Casket 232
With a Handful of Roses 23
Wish, A 249
W. L. S. 271
Wrecker's Bell, The 44

Yellow Rose, The 272
Young Heart, The 275

811W787B2
The poems of William
00103847 3

811
W787B2

109779

Winter, William.
The poems of William
Winter.

811
W787B2

109779

Winter, William.
The poems of William
Winter.

WITHDRAWN

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
MADISON, NEW JERSEY